THE FIRES OF VULCAN

CAST

THE DOCTOR	Sylvester McCoy
MEL	Bonnie Langford
PROFESSOR SCALINI	Anthony Keetch
CAPTAIN MURIEL FROST	Karen Henson
TIBERNUS	Robert Curbishley
POPIDIUS CELSINUS	Andy Coleman
VALERIA HEDONE	Nicky Goldie
MURRANUS	Steven Wickham
EUMACHIA	Lisa Hollander
AGLAE	Gemma Bissex

PART ONE

1. THE RUINS OF POMPEII, 1980

WE HEAR THE OCCASIONAL CRIES OF SEAGULLS, THROUGHOUT THIS AND ALL OTHER DAYTIME EXTERIOR SCENES UNTIL NOTED. PROFESSOR SCALINI, A (MALE) ARCHAEOLOGIST AND CAPTAIN MORAN, A (FEMALE) UNIT OFFICER APPROACH US ACROSS RUBBLE, IN MID-CONVERSATION.

SCALINI: ...walls and columns came tumbling down. Tumbling down, I tell you! Some buildings lost whole storeys. Our people are working to prop up what's left of Pompeii, but the damage, the damage!

MORAN: *(BORED)* I can see it must be frustrating for you, Professor.

SCALINI: Frustrating? It's disastrous! An archaeological disaster! Pompeii is our window on the Roman world, you know, Captain. A window! Thanks to the eruption of Vesuvius, this city was preserved like no other, just waiting for us to learn its secrets. It has survived looters, tourists, vandals... and now, for nature itself to do this...

MORAN: I'm sure you're doing everything you can, Professor. *THEY COME TO A HALT.*
But this, I assume, is what we're here for.

SCALINI: Yes, yes, this is the artefact. We haven't completed our excavations of this region, you see. The artefact was uncovered by the earthquake. It –

MORAN: Could somebody have put it here? As some sort of prank?

SCALINI: Oh, goodness, no. As you can see, it is still partially buried under volcanic ash. No, the only way it could have arrived in its present position is if it was placed there before Mount Vesuvius erupted.

MORAN: Which was when, exactly?

SCALINI: AD 79. Almost two thousand years ago – which, as you can see, is impossible. Quite impossible.

MORAN: Indeed. OK, Professor, I'm taking custody of this artefact. I'll have men down here within the hour.

SCALINI: You intend to dig it out? But–

MORAN: I have to ask you not to speak to anyone about this. You will be required to sign a declaration to that effect. A representative of your government will be in touch shortly.

SCALINI: I don't understand. Is the artefact dangerous?

MORAN: I'm sorry, Professor Scalini, but this is UNIT business now. *(SHE MARCHES AWAY)* If I were you, I'd forget I ever saw anything.

SCALINI: But... but...

MORAN: *(CALLS BACK TO HIM)* Thank you, Professor!

SCALINI: *(FORLORNLY)* But what's so special about an English police telephone box?

2. A POMPEIAN BACK STREET

THE TARDIS MATERIALISES. THE DOCTOR AND MEL EMERGE. MEL STEPS HEAVILY INTO A PUDDLE.

MEL: *(DISGUSTED)* Oh, Doctor! I've just soaked my best shoes.

DOCTOR: Our first clue, Mel. Wherever we've landed, the drainage system isn't as advanced as you're used to. I think we should keep to the pavements.

MEL: I think you're right. It smells awful.

DOCTOR: You'll get used to it. We're on Earth, I think.

MEL: It certainly looks like it. Those buildings are Roman, aren't they?

DOCTOR: Roman or Greek.

MEL: We must have come a long way into the past.

DOCTOR: Millennia, from your point of view. *(THOUGHTFULLY, TO SELF)* This could be one of the older, residential parts of the city...

MEL: City? What city, Doctor? You said you didn't know where we were.

DOCTOR: I don't. The old girl wouldn't tell me where we've landed.

MEL: Oh, Doctor, you don't need to make it sound so sinister. The TARDIS malfunctioned, that's all. It's always happening. I don't know why you don't–

DOCTOR: Ssh.

SILENCE FOR A FEW SECONDS.

MEL: *(WHISPERS)* What is it, Doctor?

DOCTOR: *(SAME)* I don't think we're alone.

A SCRAPING SOUND, AS A SLAVE TRIES TO SLIP AWAY QUIETLY.

(CALLS) It's all right, don't worry, we aren't going to hurt you.

SLAVE: *(TERRIFIED)* My lord, my lady, I beg your forgiveness, I did not mean to intrude upon your conference.

MEL: You weren't intruding.

DOCTOR: You, ah, saw us arriving?

SLAVE: Take my eyes if you wish, lord, but I witnessed the arrival of your chariot from the heavens. I was fetching material for my owner and... and a sound,like a hundred elephants...

MEL: You mean somebody "owns" you?

DOCTOR: He's a slave, Mel. See that belt he's wearing? It's inscribed with the name of his mistress.

MEL: *(READING)* Eu-mach-ia.

DOCTOR: *(TO SLAVE)* We aren't going to punish you.

MEL: No, we certainly are not.

DOCTOR: We are simply, ah, messengers.

SLAVE: Is Isis then displeased with our offerings?

DOCTOR: Oh, no, no, nothing like that. However, we would like to keep our presence here a secret – if you could perhaps...?

SLAVE: I swear, lord, I will speak of this to nobody.

DOCTOR: Splendid. Well, run along now... No, wait! One more thing... We've been travelling for some time, and... *(AN EMBARRASSED LAUGH)* it's silly I know, but we seem to have lost track of the date...?

SLAVE: Why, it is the day of the Vulcanalia, my lord. The tenth before the Calends of September.

DOCTOR: *(SUDDENLY DISTRACTED)* I see. Thank you.
THE SLAVE SCURRIES AWAY.
MEL: What did he mean, Doctor?
DOCTOR: *(SOMBRELY)* He said it's the twenty-third of August.
MEL: You should have asked him the year.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid I already know.
HE WALKS AWAY QUICKLY. MEL HURRIES TO KEEP UP WITH HIM.
MEL: What are you talking about, Doctor? Doctor! How can you know?
DOCTOR: We can cross the road on these stepping stones. Be careful.
MEL: Where are we going?
DOCTOR: *(WALKING AHEAD OF HER NOW)* Do you want to explore or don't you?
MEL: What's wrong, Doctor? Where are we? *(HE PULLS AWAY FROM HER; SHE CALLS AFTER HIM, FRUSTRATED)* Doctor!

3. A POMPEIAN STREET
THE DOCTOR WALKS ON, WITH MEL A SHORT WAY BEHIND HIM. THERE ARE A FEW PEOPLE AROUND; WE HEAR THEM WALKING AND SOMETIMES TALKING. AT SOME POINT, AN IRON-WHEELED CART MIGHT TRUNDLE PAST, DRAWN BY TWO HORSES.

DOCTOR: *(MUTTERS SADLY TO SELF, AS IF CONFUSED)* So, this is it. The final journey. I had hoped for a while longer. Time to prepare. Time, slipping away from me. Only just arriving, but we've already stayed a lifetime. Too many lifetimes. Withering like roses.
WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS AS MEL CATCHES UP WITH HIM.
MEL: *(OUT OF BREATH)* All right, Doctor, what's going on?
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Mel.
MEL: *(FRUSTRATED)* What for?
THEY STOP WALKING.
Tell me, Doctor!
DOCTOR: *(SIGHS, COMPOSES HIMSELF)* The year is AD 79. The Roman Empire is under the short-lived rule of Titus. We are in the city of Pompeii, a prosperous trading centre on the Bay of Naples. If you look between the buildings over there, you can see a mountain by the name of Vesuvius.
MEL: The volcano!
DOCTOR: Yes. The volcano.
MEL: I've never seen a real volcano before. *(LAUGHS NOSTALGICALLY)* I remember, we made a model of that particular one in primary school, out of *papier mache*. We had red liquid pouring out of the top like lava.
DOCTOR: *(MUTTERS)* Actually, that's not quite what will happen.
MEL: *(SUDDENLY WORRIED)* When will Vesuvius erupt, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I think it might be better if we just leave.
MEL: What?
DOCTOR: Leave. Go back to the TARDIS.
MEL: Why?
DOCTOR: Because you aren't dressed for this time and place.

Because, beneath their sophisticated veneer, the Romans are a quite barbarous people. Because we have a habit of attracting trouble. And because this is your history, and no good can come of our meddling in it.

MEL: *(SIGHS)* It's all right, Doctor. I get the idea. You want to go.

DOCTOR: No. It's your decision, Mel. It has to be your choice.

MEL: Well... can't we at least have a quick look round first? I mean, there's no reason why we should go rushing straight off, is there?

DOCTOR: None whatsoever.

MEL: I wish you'd tell me what's wrong.

DOCTOR: Nothing's wrong, Mel. Quite the opposite. Events are proceeding precisely as I expect they should.

MEL: And Mount Vesuvius?

THE DOCTOR SETS OFF WALKING AGAIN.

DOCTOR: *(DOURLY)* Will erupt, burying Pompeii and killing thousands of its people, at approximately midday tomorrow.

MIX INTO MUSIC

4. THE STREET OF PLENTY

A FEW MINUTES LATER. THE DOCTOR AND MEL WALK INTO A BUSY SHOPPING CENTRE. WE HEAR LOTS OF VOICES AND LAUGHTER.

DOCTOR: *(CHEERFULLY)* The Via dell'Abbondanza. The Street of Plenty.

MEL: There are certainly plenty of people about.

DOCTOR: They're celebrating, Mel. If I remember my history – or rather, yours – correctly, we've arrived during the Festival of the Divine Augustus.

MEL: I see they've invented graffiti by now. It's everywhere! Now, let me see. I did a bit of Latin at school. That one says... 'Polycarbus runs from... *(CORRECTS HERSELF)* ran from... his opponent...'

DOCTOR: 'In shameful fashion.'

MEL: Referring to a gladiator, I assume.

DOCTOR: You can learn a great deal about a culture from its writings.

MEL: *(DISTASTEFULLY)* On walls, though!

DOCTOR: There's a time and a place for everything, Mel.

MEL: So long as we don't have to see any of these gladiators.

DOCTOR: The Amphitheatre will be closed for the festival. Thankfully. We could take in a poetry recital, if you'd like.

MEL: Yes, that could be quite interesting. *(BEAT)* Doctor? Do you see that man behind us? Quite young, dark hair... Do you think he's following us? It's just that he keeps looking over here and...

HER VOICE TRAILS OFF, AND THE SOUND OF THE CROWD GROWS LOUDER. SHE HAS LOST HIM.

(WORRIED) Doctor? Where are you?

BEGGAR WOMAN: Spare some asses, dear?

MEL: *(A STARTLED GASP)*

BEGGAR WOMAN: Some coins for a homeless old woman?

MEL: Oh. Oh, I see. I'm sorry, I don't have any money.
BEGGAR WOMAN: *(ANGRILY)* What? You dare claim poverty? You, with your clean face and your neat hair and your clothing of strange fabrics?
MEL: I don't. Really, I just –
BEGGAR WOMAN: You think yourself better than me, but you are no more than a base dissembler!
MEL: I'd help you if I could. But I've only just arrived here. I... I'm a messenger. From Isis. I'm here to –
DOCTOR: To honour the Divine Augustus with a quiet drink.
MEL: *(RELIEVED)* Doctor!
DOCTOR: So, if you'd excuse us...?
MEL: Where were you?
THE DOCTOR CHIVVIES MEL AWAY. WE STAY WITH THEM.
BEGGAR WOMAN: *(SHOUTS AFTER THEM)* You have not even the decency to cover your head. You are shameless, woman. Shameless!
DOCTOR: I don't think it's a good idea to encourage that particular rumour.
MEL: I don't like lying, obviously – but I didn't know what else to say. We can't tell the people of the first century AD about the TARDIS, can we?
DOCTOR: You should leave the talking to me in future.
MEL: *(OFFENDED)* Oh, Doctor! I only repeated what you told that slave – or rather, what you let him believe.
DOCTOR: He saw the TARDIS materialising. I had no choice. Believe me, Mel, making claims of that nature can be very unwise indeed. You're drawing enough attention to us already.
MEL: I'm drawing attention?
DOCTOR: Your clothing is anachronistic. Women should keep their heads covered, and pink stripes are definitely out of season.
MEL: Whereas question mark pullovers are the height of discretion, I suppose.
DOCTOR: I think we should find somewhere a bit more private.
THEY WALK AWAY FROM US, AND WE RETURN TO THE BEGGAR WOMAN. SHE IS APPROACHED BY POPIDIUS CELSINUS; HE IS TWENTY-SIX YEARS OLD; A WEAK MAN IN A POSITION OF POWER.
CELSINUS: Well? What have you learned?
BEGGAR WOMAN: That you must like the aspect of this stranger a good deal that you, *(WITH MOCKING GRANDEUR)* Popidius Celsinus of the municipal council, would pay for the favour of such as I.
CELSINUS: You try my patience, woman. What did she tell you?
BEGGAR WOMAN: A more precious secret, perhaps, than can be bought with the few coins you have promised.
CELSINUS: I offer fair recompense for a simple deed, hag! Would you have me talk to the aediles and have you run out of this city?
BEGGAR WOMAN: *(AMUSED, TAUNTINGLY)* I merely find it strange that you know not the answer to your question already.
CELSINUS: Why say you that?
BEGGAR WOMAN: The woman comes from Isis, decurione. She is a messenger of the goddess. Now, how can it be that you, of all in Pompeii, were not aware of that fact?

5. VALERIA HEDONE'S INN

A SMALL BAR CROWDED WITH REVELLERS, SOME OF THEM DRUNK AND QUITE ROWDY. ITS FRONT IS OPEN TO THE STREET, SO THE SOUNDS FROM OUTSIDE CAN STILL BE HEARD. THE BAR IS RUN BY VALERIA HEDONE, A TOUGH, FORTHRIGHT GREEK WOMAN.

VALERIA: *(CALLS INTO THE STREET)* Come, handsome stranger, feast here with your chambermaid. Valeria offers the lowest prices for hot food and the finest garum in all Rome.

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, thank you, I think we will.

THE DOCTOR, MEL AND VALERIA MOVE INTO THE BAR TOGETHER.

MEL: Thank you. But I'm not his –

DOCTOR: You keep an interesting establishment here, er...?

VALERIA: Valeria Hedone at your service. You are a stranger to Pompeii, but a man of good standing I can see. It will be Falernian wine for you, I'd wager. I ask but four asses for the drink of the emperors.

DOCTOR: Very reasonable... Ah. But not just yet, I'm afraid. I appear to have left my coins at home.

MEL: *(EMBARRASSED)* Oh, Doctor!

VALERIA: *(ICILY)* Then perhaps you should fetch them, stranger, before you waste any more of my time.

SHE WALKS OFF.

MEL: What was that you said about drawing attention?

DOCTOR: *(BITTERLY)* Why are you humans so obsessed with money? *(MUTTERS THOUGHTFULLY)* Money, money, money...

MEL: I don't think it's a good idea to eat here anyway. Those fish aren't even cooked. They're rotting!

DOCTOR: They're not for eating, Mel.

MEL: So, what are they for?

DOCTOR: Throwing back into the river.

MEL: I think it's a bit late for that.

DOCTOR: It's a ritual, Mel. Remember what that slave told us? Today is the Vulcanalia. The fish are an offering to Vulcan, the Roman God of Fire and Furnaces. *(MUTTERS THOUGHTFULLY)* I always did wonder how that particular custom originated.

MEL: You mean it's Vulcan's feast day as well as the Festival of the Divine Augustus? I knew the Romans had a lot of holidays, but two at once!

DOCTOR: They treat their gods very seriously.

MEL: As a serious excuse to get drunk, from what I can see.

DOCTOR: *(HAPPILY)* Ah! I think I've just seen the answer to our problem.

HE LEADS MEL OVER TO A TABLE AT WHICH FOUR PEOPLE ARE PLAYING WITH DICE MADE OUT OF BONE. ONE IS MURRANUS, A GLADIATOR: LOUD, ARROGANT AND QUICK TO ANGER. WE MUST HEAR VOICES OF ALL FOUR AS THEY PLAY.

MEL: *(LOWERS HER VOICE, UNEASILY)* Are you sure, Doctor? They don't look very friendly.

DOCTOR: *(AT NORMAL SPEAKING VOLUME)* Gladiators, I expect. But don't worry, Mel, they're only wielding dice, not swords. Excuse me, gentlemen, I wonder if you might be able to accommodate one more player?

MURRANUS: You have coins to stake?
DOCTOR: Ah, no. But I thought you might have a use for... *(HE ELONGATES 'FOR' AS HE RUMMAGES THROUGH HIS POCKETS)* this silver, er... *(DISAPPOINTED)* yo-yo. No, no, that won't do at all, will it?
MURRANUS: We play for coins or nought. Now, leave. You disturb us.
MEL: I think he means it, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, but there must be something I can interest you in.
MURRANUS: *(LAUGHS)* I am Murranus, stranger, the greatest mirmillo ever to do battle in Pompeii's Amphitheatre. What could you offer to me?
DOCTOR: *(FEIGNING DELIGHT)* Ah, Murranus! Delighted to meet you. I've heard your name spoken, of course. The most courageous swordsman in the whole of the Empire, they tell me.
MEL: Much braver than Polycarbus.
MURRANUS: You hear right. Why, in the latest games, I vanquished my opponents with ease. Even Crescens, 'the people's darling' could not withstand my sword.
THE DOCTOR PULLS BACK A CHAIR AND SITS DOWN.
DOCTOR: Indeed. And it would be a great honour to dice with the renowned Murranus. I'm the Doctor, by the way.
MURRANUS: *(THREATENINGLY)* I did not give you leave to sit.
DOCTOR: *(HE'S SUDDENLY THOUGHT OF SOMETHING)* My maidservant!
MURRANUS: What madness afflicts you now?
DOCTOR: My maidservant. She must be worth... oh, two thousand sesterces at least, wouldn't you say?
MURRANUS: The girl?
MEL: *(HALF-LAUGHING, NOT SURE IF HE'S JOKING)* Doctor!
DOCTOR: The girl! What's wrong, Murranus? My wager too rich for Pompeii's finest warrior? I will stake the girl against just thirty sesterces.
MURRANUS: Then you are a fool, Doctor. You must know the gods will favour he who fights and wins in their name.
DOCTOR: Then you accept?
MEL: *(IN AN URGENT WHISPER)* I hope you know what you're doing.
MURRANUS: Aye, Doctor. I accept!
DOCTOR: Splendid, splendid. Well, then... perhaps you'd like to make the first roll?

6. THE HOUSE OF EUMACHIA
EUMACHIA, AN ARROGANT NOBLEWOMAN, REMONSTRATES WITH HER SLAVE.

EUMACHIA: *(ANGRILY)* Speak, slave! I require an answer. I would know how it is that you should take so long about a simple errand.
SLAVE: *(AFRAID)* Forgive me, Mistress Eumachia, I am pledged not to say.
EUMACHIA: To whom? To whom would you show greater fealty than to your mistress; to she who feeds and clothes and houses you?

SLAVE: Only to the gods, I swear it.
EUMACHIA: Ah! Then 'twas the Gods who obstructed your work. Were my husband still alive, he would flog you for such lies!
SLAVE: It was... *(MUMBLES, ALMOST INAUDIBLY)* their messengers.
EUMACHIA: Do not mumble so!
SLAVE: Their messengers, mistress. It is the truth, I swear it. I would scarce have believed it myself, and yet I saw their temple as it descended from the heavens.
EUMACHIA: What temple is this, that a priestess of the true religion knows nought of it?
SLAVE: It was sent to us by Isis, mistress.
EUMACHIA: Ha! The foreign goddess! Then these messengers be false prophets indeed.
SLAVE: My lady?
EUMACHIA: Their deceptions may fool one such as you – but they will not long stand in the light of the true faith.

7. VALERIA HEDONE'S INN
A CROWD OF ONLOOKERS HAS GATHERED, AND THE BAR IS QUIETER THAN BEFORE. TWO BONE DICE ROLL ACROSS A TABLE, AND A COLLECTIVE GASP IS RAISED.

DOCTOR: I believe we agreed on thirty sesterces?
MURRANUS: *(BITTERLY)* By Jupiter, Doctor, the Lares smile upon you today.
DOCTOR: Apparently so.
HE PULLS A NUMBER OF COINS ACROSS THE TABLE. THE ONLOOKERS BEGIN TO RESUME THEIR CONVERSATIONS.
And now, if you'll excuse me...?
MURRANUS: What is this? Surely you will not take your gains and leave so soon?
DOCTOR: Well, time is pressing.
MURRANUS: *(THREATENINGLY)* That is not the way of a sportsman, Doctor. I would test your fortune further. You will agree, I feel sure, that I should have the opportunity to recover what I have lost?
DOCTOR: Oh, very well then, just a little longer... *(CALLS)* Valeria? Valeria, I wonder if you could do me a small favour? I'm sure you've noticed how my, ah, maidservant here is dressed. Most inappropriate. I wonder if you could, ah...?
HE HANDS SOME COINS OVER.
VALERIA: For this price, Doctor, I will clothe the girl in the finest robes.
WE FOLLOW VALERIA AS SHE MOVES THROUGH THE CROWD TO AGLAE, A SHY GREEK TEENAGER.
I have one more task for you, Aglae. Take these coins to Vesonius and purchase a stola for the Doctor's maidservant. I would say she has your build.
AGLAE: But, my lady, it is the Festival. My mistress expects my return.
VALERIA: You will do as I say, girl. Asellina will not miss you for a few minutes more.

AGLAE: *(COWED)* As you wish.
VALERIA MOVES AWAY. AGLAE MAKES FOR THE DOOR, BUT MEL INTERCEPTS HER.
MEL: Hello. You're Aglae, aren't you? I'm Melanie Bush – Mel to my friends. I'd like to come with you, if I may.
AGLAE: *(SURPRISED)* Will your master allow you to leave his side?
MEL: You must be joking! Anyway, he seems to have other things on his mind at the moment – and I'm attracting just as much attention here as I would be outside. So, let's go!
MEL HEADS FOR THE STREET, AND AGLAE FOLLOWS.
AGLAE: *(GIGGLING)* I will enjoy your company, Mel.
MEL: Well, there's nothing like a bit of shopping to relax, is there?

8. THE STREET OF PLENTY / THE LUPANAR
MEL AND AGLAE APPROACH US IN MID-CONVERSATION.

AGLAE: And you say this Doctor has... changed since you met him?
MEL: *(LAUGHING)* Oh Aglae, you don't know the half of it. *(WISTFULLY)* I was beginning to think he didn't need me any more – but, since we arrived in Pompeii, he's been acting very strangely. All quiet and brooding. It's not like him at all. I wish he'd tell me what's wrong.
AGLAE: You are a very compassionate woman, Mel.
MEL: *(TOUCHED)* Oh, I just try to help when I can.
THEY STOP OUTSIDE A BUILDING.
So, this is where you live, is it?
AGLAE: Yes, this is the Lupanar.
MEL: It's nice and central – right on the Street of Plenty.
AGLAE: We do good trade. Come inside, Mel. You may change in my room. With luck, my lady Asellina will have no need of me for a time yet.
MEL: Thanks, Aglae. What did you call this toga thing again – a stola? *(BEAT)* Hey, just a minute!
AGLAE: What is it, Mel?
MEL: Those... those things up there. On the sign. They can't be what I think they are... *(UNCERTAINLY)* can they?
AGLAE: *(PUZZLED)* As you say, Mel, it is a sign. It bespeaks the nature of the Lupanar.
MEL: But they look like... *(WITH AN EMBARRASSED LAUGH)* well, I don't really like to say... they... *(REALISES)* Oh. Oh, does that mean you're a...? Oh.
AGLAE: Do you not also serve your master in this manner?
MEL: I most certainly do not! And you shouldn't – *(BEAT, THEN GROANS)* Oh no! Don't look now, Aglae, but there's that man again: the one who was watching me before. I think he's coming over here.
AGLAE: *(GASPS)* Mel, that is Popidius Celsinus. He is a decurione: a member of the municipal council.
MEL: I don't really care, actually. Let's just get inside.

AGLAE: But Mel, you should be honoured that he seeks you out.
MEL: I can do without that particular honour, thank you.
MEL PULLS AGLAE INTO THE LUPANAR AND SLAMS THE DOOR.
(LAUGHS HOLLOWLY) Oh, wonderful! Just wonderful!
AGLAE: Does something vex you?
MEL: *(SIGHS)* No, Aglae, not really. It's just that the local creep makes a beeline for me, so what do I do? Run straight into the nearest brothel! Talk about giving somebody the wrong idea!

9. VALERIA HEDONE'S INN
THE DICE ROLL. MURRANUS'S THREE FRIENDS LAUGH UNKINDLY.

MURRANUS: *(MOCKINGLY)* Once more, Doctor, you throw the caniculae. The fates have truly deserted you.
DOCTOR: As you said, Murranus, the gods favour those who honour them in battle.
MURRANUS GATHERS UP HIS COINS. THE DOCTOR PUSHES BACK HIS CHAIR AND STANDS.
And now, I really must bid you good day.
MURRANUS: Hold!
DOCTOR: You have won all my coins, Murranus.
MURRANUS: Thirty sesterces did you take from me. A mere ten have you staked in return.
DOCTOR: Ah, yes. Well, I had to buy clothes for my companion, you see.
MURRANUS: *(THREATENINGLY)* You will find something to wager! If you have nought else, then the clothes from your back may fetch an as or two.
DOCTOR: Perhaps they would. But –
MURRANUS: *(EAGERLY)* Better yet, I should like another chance at winning your servant.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid that was a one-time-only offer, Murranus. And, as you said, my luck really isn't holding out. Your, ah, skill with the dice is a little too great for my liking.
MURRANUS JUMPS TO HIS FEET AND UNSHEATHES HIS SWORD.
MURRANUS: *(LOUDLY AND ANGRILY)* Do you accuse Murranus of cheating? I will run you through where you stand!
SILENCE FALLS.
DOCTOR: *(UNFLUSTERED)* It's all in the wrist action, of course. No point in having a loaded die if you don't know how to roll it properly. But don't worry, I shan't hold a grudge. I just wish to find my companion –
MURRANUS HURLS THE TABLE ASIDE TO GET TO THE DOCTOR. THE SILENCE IS BROKEN, AS ONLOOKERS REACT WITH FEAR AND ASTONISHMENT.
MURRANUS: You seem well versed in the ways of the cheat, Doctor. Could it be that it is you who have won your coins unfairly?
VALERIA INTERCEDES.
VALERIA: *(FORCEFULLY, AFRAID)* Stop this, gentlemen!
MURRANUS: It will stop when I have satisfaction, not before!
THE DOCTOR PUSHES A CHAIR OVER AND RUNS. MURRANUS LEAPS ON HIM, SNARLING. WE HEAR GRUNTS AND GROANS FROM BOTH AS

A SCUFFLE ENSUES.
VALERIA: *(SHOUTS)* I will not have this brawling in my inn, do you hear?
THE DOCTOR GASPS AS MURRANUS GETS AN ARM AROUND HIS NECK.
MURRANUS: Worry not, Valeria. This imp will trouble us no more – not once I have crushed the life from his body!
A STRANGULATED CRY FROM THE DOCTOR.

10. THE LUPANAR/THE STREET OF PLENTY
MEL AND AGLAE CLATTER DOWN A FLIGHT OF WOODEN STAIRS.

MEL: Am I wearing this the right way round? It's not very comfortable.
AGLAE: You should not wear your old garments beneath the stola, Mel.
MEL: I don't want to lose them.
AGLAE: At least you will draw less attention now. If fortune favours you, then Popidius Celsinus will not spy you again.
AGLAE OPENS THE DOOR ONTO THE STREET OF PLENTY. THEY EMERGE TO FIND THE CROWD SILENT, APART FROM A FEW AWE-STRUCK GASPS AND MURMURS.
MEL: What's happening out here?
AGLAE: I do not...*(EXCITEDLY)* Oh! Oh, look Mel! Look over there!
MEL: *(IN A HORRIFIED WHISPER)* Vesuvius!
AGLAE: Is it not magnificent? Smoke rises from the very mountain. It can only have come from the furnace of Vulcan himself.
MEL: *(TO HERSELF, NUMBLY)* The God of Fire and Furnaces. Oh no...
A DISTANT RUMBLING STARTS UP. IT GROWS LOUDER.
AGLAE: He acknowledges Pompeii's offerings to him. Perhaps we are not so out of favour with the gods as we have feared.
MEL: No. No, it can't be. Not yet. *(BEAT; THEN, WORRIED)* Aglae... Aglae, something's happening.
THE CROWD REACTS AS THE RUMBLING GROWS LOUDER STILL AND THE EARTH BEGINS TO SHAKE.
Aglae! *(PANIC)*

11. VALERIA HEDONE'S INN
THE TREMOR CONTINUES. POTS SMASH ON THE FLOOR. PEOPLE REACT FEARFULLY, AS ON THE STREET. THE DOCTOR BREAKS FREE.

MURRANUS: *(A GRUNT OF PAIN AND SURPRISE)*
DOCTOR: *(A GASP OF RELIEF)*
MURRANUS FALLS ONTO A TABLE AND BREAKS IT.
DOCTOR: *(A LITTLE SHAKILY)* Oh dear, you seem to have slipped.
VALERIA: Enough, I say! Is it not trial enough that the earth betrays us, without that you continue this behaviour?
MURRANUS: *(FURIOUSLY)* Confound you, cheat! The gods themselves keep me from snapping your neck – but they will not save you twice.
VALERIA: You! Get out of here, now!

DOCTOR: Delighted to.
VALERIA: Go on, run! *(WARNINGLY)* No, Murranus, I care not about your reputation. If you wish to settle your differences, then you will find a place other than mine in which to do it, or you will settle them with me!
MURRANUS: I shall do just that, once this infernal tremor has ended.

12. THE STREET OF PLENTY
THE TREMOR CONTINUES, PROBABLY FRIGHTENING A HORSE OR TWO.

AGLAE: *(SHOUTS, IN A STRAINED VOICE)* Be not afraid, Mel. Hold on to me. This earth tremor is not such a bad one, I think. It will soon end.
MEL: *(SAME)* You mean this happens a lot?
AGLAE: It is the gods' way of showing us their displeasure.
THE QUAKE SUBSIDES. PEOPLE PICK THEMSELVES UP, WITH A GENERAL OUTPOURING OF RELIEF.
You see? There has been no real damage. This was but a warning. We shall have to honour our gods more diligently.
MEL: You're not making sense, Aglae. A minute ago, you were telling me how pleased Vulcan was with you. Now you're saying the gods are angry?
AGLAE: It is true, I fear, that the earth shakes more often and more violently these past weeks. None can remember such ill omens since the upheaval of seventeen years since.
MEL: Then why doesn't somebody do something? Doesn't anyone realise what's happening?
AGLAE: We observe the rituals, we make offerings, we pray to be forgiven. What else can we do?
MEL IS DUMBFOUNDED. THEN THE DOCTOR BREEZES PAST.
DOCTOR: Ah, there you are, Mel. Yes, very fetching. Thank you for your help, Aglae. Come along, Mel.
MEL: Doctor?
DOCTOR: *(HE HAS PASSED HER NOW; HE CALLS BACK)* There are at least two very good reasons why we ought to be somewhere else.
MEL: *(CALLS BACK)* Wait for me then. *(TO AGLAE)* Well, er... thank you for everything, Aglae. It's been lovely meeting you, but it really does look like I've got to go.
AGLAE: I understand, Mel. Your master has need of you.
MEL: *(SIGHS)* Something like that.

13. A POMPEIAN STREET
IN A QUIETER AREA, MEL CATCHES UP WITH THE DOCTOR.

MEL: It's the volcano, isn't it, Doctor? Causing the tremors? *(HE DOESN'T ANSWER)* It's horrible! This city... these people... Aglae! Valeria! They're all going to die, aren't they?
DOCTOR: Many of them, yes.
MEL: Can't we do something?
DOCTOR: Against Nature? No. Against Time? Certainly not. This happened a long time ago, Mel. We can't change it.

MEL: It doesn't seem fair.
DOCTOR: Time never is.
THEY COME TO A HALT.
(GENTLY) Are you ready to leave now?
MEL: *(THINKS CAREFULLY, THEN)* Yes. Yes, I think I am.

13A. VALERIA HEDONES INN
VALERIA GREETS MURRANUS AS HE RETURNS.

VALERIA: Murranus! So, you did not find your foe?
MURRANUS: *(BITTERLY)* I did not. This is your fault, Valeria. You should not have kept me from him.
VALERIA: You have caused enough damage here you and the gods between you. I hope you have returned to help put things aright.
MURRANUS: I will do that, Valeria. And I will put things right with this Doctor also. If he has any wit about him, he will leave Pompeii before I can find him for I swear he will not have the chance after.

14. A POMPEIAN BACK STREET
A FEW PEOPLE MILL ABOUT AND TALK IN CONCERNED TONES. HEAVY STONES ARE BEING SHIFTED. THE DOCTOR AND MEL APPROACH.

MEL: ...so, you did cheat, then?
DOCTOR: Only on that first roll. I observed our gladiator friend's technique and used it – and his own dice against him.
MEL: *(WITH MOCK DISAPPROVAL)* Well, it sounds like cheating to me.
DOCTOR: It's only cheating if you get caught.
MEL: Whereas you got clean away with it, I suppose. Well, if you want to know what I think – *(SEES SOMETHING AND IS SUDDENLY WORRIED)* Doctor... Doctor, what's going on?
DOCTOR: *(MURMURS, UPSET)* No. No, this can't be how it ends.
THEY RUN FORWARDS TOGETHER.
MEL: We are in the right place. I know we're in the right place.
DOCTOR: I should have known. We should have turned back as soon as I realised...
MEL: It was the earthquake, wasn't it? It brought that building down, and the TARDIS... the TARDIS was right underneath it!
DOCTOR: ...but how could I? Time marching on. The future laid out before me. We've already stayed a lifetime.
MEL: Doctor, tell me we can get the TARDIS back. I mean, it's just a bit of concrete, right? Look – those slaves are already clearing the wreckage. We can dig it out, can't we? We can get away before... before...
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Mel.
HE WALKS AWAY SLOWLY. MEL HESITATES FOR A SECOND, STUNNED, THEN RUNS AFTER HIM.
MEL: Now wait a minute! What do you mean, you're 'sorry'? Doctor!
DOCTOR: It's Time, don't you see? Time, working against us.

MEL: No. No, I don't see. What's wrong with you?
DOCTOR: I'm sorry for dragging you into this, Mel. I should have known. I did know. I found out a long time ago.
MEL: Found out what? *(HE DOESN'T ANSWER)* Doctor!
DOCTOR: I've seen the future, Mel. I know what will happen. What must happen. *(HE COLLECTS HIMSELF AND EXPLAINS)* In the year 1980, the TARDIS will be discovered. Dug out of the ash that will rain upon this city tomorrow.
MEL: *(SHOCKED)* You don't mean...?
DOCTOR: We can't escape it, Mel. No matter what we do, Time already knows. We've already lost.
MEL: But –
DOCTOR: We won't see the TARDIS again. Nobody will see it. Not for almost two thousand years.

END PART ONE

PART TWO

14 (CONTINUED FOR RECAP)

DOCTOR: I'm sorry for dragging you into this, Mel. I should have known. I did know. I found out a long time ago.
MEL: Found out what? *(HE DOESN'T ANSWER)* Doctor!
DOCTOR: I've seen the future, Mel. I know what will happen. What must happen. *(HE COLLECTS HIMSELF AND EXPLAINS)* In the year 1980, the TARDIS will be discovered. Dug out of the ash that will rain upon this city tomorrow.
MEL: *(SHOCKED)* You don't mean...?
DOCTOR: We can't escape it, Mel. No matter what we do, Time already knows. We've already lost.
MEL: But –
DOCTOR: We won't see the TARDIS again. Nobody will see it. Not for almost two thousand years.
MEL: I don't understand. What are you talking about, Doctor? Two thousand years... How can you know that? Doctor?
HE WALKS AWAY FROM HER.
Doctor! Where are you going?

15. A POMPEIAN STREET
THE DOCTOR HAS WANDERED TO A FAIRLY BUSY AREA. MEL CATCHES UP TO HIM AND TACKLES HIM. THEY KEEP WALKING TOGETHER, LEAVING THE SOUNDS OF THE BUILDING SITE BEHIND THEM.

MEL: I wish you'd talk to me, Doctor. *(BEAT)* Well? Come on, Doctor! You knew we'd lose the TARDIS, didn't you? How did you know?
DOCTOR: *(SUBDUED, DISTANT)* It was a long time ago, Mel. I was in my... fifth body, I think. I visited your world – this world – in the early nineteen-eighties. I was contacted by an organisation called UNIT. They're a –
MEL: I know who UNIT are, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Of course you do, of course... *(BEAT)* They'd found my TARDIS. In Italy. An earthquake had revealed it, beneath the volcanic ash that covered Pompeii. Only my TARDIS was still sitting at Hyde Park Corner, where I'd left it.
MEL: They'd found your TARDIS – but it was the TARDIS from the future, right? I mean, from the past... No, hold on, I mean –
DOCTOR: It's one of the perils of time travel, Mel. I was given a glimpse of the one thing no one should ever see. My personal future. My destiny. Perhaps my own death.
MEL: Death?
DOCTOR: I don't know, Mel. I didn't want to know. The UNIT people had taken the TARDIS into storage. I refused to see it. The less I knew about the circumstances in which I was fated to lose it, the better. But I couldn't forget what I had already learned.
MEL: That the TARDIS would end up buried here.

DOCTOR: I didn't know that for sure. There were other possibilities.
MEL: Such as?
DOCTOR: That UNIT hadn't found the TARDIS at all, but rather some sort of replica. That it may have found itself beneath the ash in some other way. I even considered that, one day, I might have chosen – might choose – to retire to your world, in this time. I might abandon my ship here in Pompeii, expecting it not to be seen again. I pushed my suspicions to the back of my mind, Mel. The important thing was that I didn't know for certain what the future had in store.
MEL: Until we landed here, the day before the eruption of Vesuvius.
DOCTOR: And then I knew. *(A LONG, REFLECTIVE PAUSE)* The old girl tried to keep it from me, to protect me. *(LAUGHS BITTERLY)* She hates farewells as much as I do.
MEL: That's what I still don't understand. If you knew – or even suspected – that we might lose the TARDIS here, then why didn't you do something? *(HE DOESN'T ANSWER; SUSPICIOUSLY)* Doctor?
DOCTOR: I think we should find somewhere to have a proper talk

16. OUTSIDE THE BATHS
EUMACHIA WAITS FOR CELSINUS ON A BUSY STREET.

EUMACHIA: Popidius Celsinus!
CELSINUS: *(STARTLED)* Eumachia!
EUMACHIA: I sent in a slave to fetch you.
CELSINUS: I sent him away. Can a man not take his bath in peace?
EUMACHIA: The afternoon has near gone while I have waited for you to bathe, decurione. Had you idled longer, I would have come into the tepidarium in search of you, men's hours or not.
CELSINUS: You have no sense of decorum, Eumachia.
EUMACHIA: And 'tis clear that you have no sense of responsibility. Are you unconcerned with the events of the day? Have you not heard of the arrivals in our city?
CELSINUS: I saw a fair young stranger. What of it?
EUMACHIA: And does this woman claim to have come from your goddess?
CELSINUS: What does it concern you? You have no love for Isis, Eumachia.
EUMACHIA: And she has no love for you, so the rumours have it.
CELSINUS: *(ANNOYED AND A LITTLE ALARMED)* Of what rumours do you speak?
EUMACHIA: *(ENJOYING THIS)* Had you spent more time abroad this aft, you would have seen the writings yourself. The citizens ask how it is that Isis should send her messengers to Pompeii and yet they do not visit her temple, nor seek out he who takes credit for it.
CELSINUS: Isis well knows how I rebuilt her temple, after it was felled by the earthquake.
EUMACHIA: Ha! Your father paid for it to be built in your name, when you were but a child of nine. He bought you a future, and your seat on the Curia.
CELSINUS: *(ANGRILY)* I have earned the goddess's favour!

EUMACHIA: Then should you not know why she spurns you?
CELSINUS: If you seek to turn me against Isis, Eumachia, then it will profit you nought.
EUMACHIA: That you worship the foreign deity of the lower classes says much of you, Celsinus – but I do not seek to question your faith.
CELSINUS: No. But you would denounce these messengers.
EUMACHIA: Test them, perhaps. I am not so proud, decurione, that I could not be persuaded yet to welcome your Isis into my heart.
CELSINUS: I doubt our loving goddess could stand to enter that shrivelled chamber.
EUMACHIA: 'Tis rather you who has reason to disprove these strangers' claims, I think. For, if they hold, then all will know that your goddess disdains you, Celsinus. What price your position, or your father's wealth, then?
CELSINUS: *(AFTER A LONG, THOUGHTFUL PAUSE)* What would you have me do?

17. VALERIA HEDONE'S INN
THE DOCTOR AND MEL HAVE JUST ENTERED. VALERIA IS SERVING.

VALERIA: By rights, Doctor, I should not serve you. I want no more trouble.
DOCTOR: Good. Then we're agreed. And, er, Murranus...?
VALERIA: He has gone. But I would place scant value on your life, should he return – especially when he espies the fresh writings on my wall.
DOCTOR: Yes, so I see. "The mighty Murranus was outfought by..."
MEL: Go on. What does it say?
VALERIA: "By a mightier dwarf."
MEL: *(LAUGHS)* Oh, Doctor!
VALERIA: *(WITH A SIGH OF RESIGNATION)* Well, I expect the mirmillo has returned to his barracks by now, to sleep off his libations.
DOCTOR: Excellent! In that case, I shall have two cups of your ordinary wine please, Valeria.
MEL: Do you think it's a good idea to be drinking, Doctor?
VALERIA STARTS TO POUR THEIR DRINKS.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid they don't serve carrot juice, Mel. Don't worry, the wine will be diluted with water, honey and... *(WORRIED)* Ah.
MEL: What's wrong?
DOCTOR: Coins. I appear to be rather short again.
MEL: *(RELIEVED)* As the graffiti says. Here, Doctor. Change from the clothes.
SHE HANDS A FEW COINS TO THE DOCTOR, AS VALERIA PUSHES TWO CUPS ACROSS THE BAR.
VALERIA: A mere two asses if you please, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR HANDS THE COINS OVER.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Valeria. Come along, Mel, I see a table.
THEY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CROWD, PULL BACK CHAIRS AND SIT DOWN. THERE IS A SHORT PAUSE.
MEL: All right then, Doctor. I'm waiting.
DOCTOR: It's difficult, Mel.
MEL: Well, I'll try to understand.

DOCTOR: As soon as I realised where we were, I knew what was likely to happen. I wanted to leave, but I couldn't.
MEL: Why not?
DOCTOR: Because the loss of the TARDIS, its excavation in 1980... it's all part of history.
MEL: How can it be, if it hasn't happened yet?
DOCTOR: It will happen, Mel.
MEL: But there's still time to stop it.
DOCTOR: No. I've already seen it. We can't stop it.
MEL: What if we'd just dematerialised as soon as you realised where we were? That would have changed things, wouldn't it?
DOCTOR: Yes. But think, Mel. If I'd done that – if I'd used my foreknowledge to alter events – what do you think would have happened?
MEL: Well, the TARDIS wouldn't have been buried, for a start.
DOCTOR: Precisely. The TARDIS wouldn't have been buried. It wouldn't have been dug up in two thousand years' time. I wouldn't have been told of its discovery, and I would have arrived in Pompeii without any foreknowledge.
MEL: So, you'd have acted as normal, left the TARDIS behind and... and it would have been buried?
DOCTOR: Time cannot abide a paradox.
MEL: No, neither can my brain. So, what you're saying is, we've just got to accept what's happening? We can't even try to get out of here?
DOCTOR: I'm saying that history has already taken account of our actions – and it's shown us their outcome.
ANOTHER TREMOR, MUCH SHORTER AND LESS VIOLENT THAN THE LAST. CUPS RATTLE, AND THERE ARE MURMURS OF CONCERN.
We can't cheat Time, Mel.
A LONG PAUSE, DURING WHICH THE TREMOR SUBSIDES.
MEL: *(WITH FRESH DETERMINATION)* No. No, I'm sorry Doctor, I can't accept that.
DOCTOR: Please listen to me, Mel.
MEL: *(SHE STANDS UP)* You might think you know what's going to happen in the future, but all I know is that we aren't beaten yet. I mean, what if UNIT were wrong? Or... or what if the TARDIS will end up in Pompeii one day but just not yet?
DOCTOR: *(IMPLORING)* Mel!
MEL: I'm going to find a way out of this, whatever it takes. Are you coming with me or not?
DOCTOR: I'm sorry.
MEL: *(SIGHS)* So am I. But I can't give up, Doctor... even if you can.
SHE MARCHES OFF, DETERMINEDLY.

18. THE STREET OF PLENTY
EUMACHIA AND AGLAE ARE ARGUING.

AGLAE: *(FRIGHTENED)* But, Mistress Eumachia, I know no more than I have told already.
EUMACHIA: *(ANGRILY)* Do not lie, child! I paid Asellina well to take

you from your chores for a time, and I will know what you are hiding!
AGLAE: I hide nothing, I swear. I did talk to Mel, it is true, but she said nought of Isis.
EUMACHIA: She must have spoken of herself.
AGLAE: She did speak of strange worlds and times, but I understood so few of her words.
EUMACHIA: Liar!
SHE SLAPS AGLAE, WHO SHRIEKS. MEL RUNS ONTO THE SCENE.
MEL: Hey, leave her alone!
AGLAE: *(GASPS, HORRIFIED)* Mel!
EUMACHIA: And who might you be, girl, that you presume to speak so to a priestess of the Capitoline Triad?
MEL: I'm her friend, that's who. Come on, Aglae, we're getting out of here.
AGLAE: But Mel...
MEL: I said, come on!
AGLAE: *(TEARFULLY)* No, Mel, I cannot... I must not...
MEL: You're not a... a piece of furniture, Aglae. She doesn't own you!
AGLAE: *(APPALLED)* You must show proper respect, Mel. Oh, mistress, please forgive my friend her rudeness. She knows not our ways.
MEL: I can speak for myself, thank you very much.
EUMACHIA: *(COLDLY)* Go back to Asellina, child.
MEL: Don't do it, Aglae.
AGLAE: I must, Mel. My mistress has been kind to me.
MEL: By making you sell yourself?
EUMACHIA: I gave you an order, girl.
AGLAE: *(WEEPING OPENLY)* I must not see you again, Mel. You will bring the gods' just punishment down on us both.
AGLAE FLEES.
MEL: *(CALLS AFTER HER, HURT)* Aglae!
EUMACHIA: Your friend has denied you, girl. And you – do you still make claim to have been sent by the foreign goddess?
MEL: I don't think that's any of your business, actually.
EUMACHIA: Know this, stranger: that I shall do all in my power to expose your deceit.
MEL: *(SCORNFULLY)* And you should know that you don't scare me like you did that poor girl.
SHE WALKS AWAY.
EUMACHIA: *(LAUGHING TO HERSELF)* Oh, Celsinus... I fear this is almost too easy.

19. VALERIA HEDONE'S INN
THE DOCTOR AND VALERIA TALK.

VALERIA: You are too kind of heart, Doctor.
DOCTOR: *(GLUMLY)* Am I, Valeria?
VALERIA: Your maidservant is quick to disobey you –
DOCTOR: That's certainly true.
VALERIA: – yet you choose not to punish her. You would do well to sell her to a stricter master, for the girl's own good. She is still young,

she will fetch a handsome price at market.
DOCTOR: Mel is far more precious than money, Valeria. If she gets hurt –
VALERIA: – then 'twill be her own doing. She has too strong a spirit. She is too quick to do what she ought not to do.
DOCTOR: No. She wants to do what she can't do. That's the problem.
VALERIA: If it troubles you, Doctor, then you should seek the counsel of Isis. A sacrifice is to be made to her this very hour.
DOCTOR: Sacrifice?
VALERIA: Our farmers would know why ill fortune besets them: why the earth shakes, and why their crops fail on the mountainside.
DOCTOR: On the slopes of Vesuvius, I presume.
VALERIA: They pray that Isis will offer them hope for the future.
DOCTOR: And in return they offer her death.
VALERIA: You disapprove?
DOCTOR: It's not for me to judge your culture, Valeria. I cannot interfere.
VALERIA: Today the priests give but an animal to Isis. But I would gladly surrender my life to her should she desire it. Would you do less for your god?
DOCTOR: *(MUTTERS)* The trouble is, Valeria, it's not just my life.

20. A POMPEIAN BACK STREET
WORK CONTINUES AT THE SITE OF THE COLLAPSED BUILDING. STONES ARE BEING SCRAPED ALONG THE GROUND; WORKERS MIGHT SHOUT TO EACH OTHER. MEL IS HERE. AGLAE APPROACHES AT A RUN.

AGLAE: Mel! Mel!
MEL: Aglae! What are you doing here? What about your–?
AGLAE: Trade is slow today. Asellina sent me to find custom. I came in search of you instead.
MEL: Well, good for you.
AGLAE: Oh Mel, I regret my harsh words earlier, but I feared for us both.
MEL: That's all right, Aglae.
AGLAE: For all that I am discomfited by your strange manner, you are my friend. I will not desert you.
MEL: *(TOUCHED)* Well, thank you Aglae. *(SIGHS, DISHEARTENED)* It's beginning to look like I might be around for a while too.
AGLAE: You help to rebuild this house?
MEL: I... lost something under the rubble, that's all. I did try to clear some of it away, but it's no use.
AGLAE: I am sure your possession will be recovered in time.
MEL: *(SIGHS)* In a couple of thousand years, maybe.
AGLAE: Pardon me?
MEL: *(FRUSTRATED)* I haven't got time, Aglae! I just haven't.
AGLAE: *(RESOLUTELY CHEERFUL)* Then we must seek assistance. I know of one who could ease your burden.
MEL: Really?

AGLAE: Aye, Mel, I do: one who has offered help to many a troubled soul. *(SHE LEADS MEL AWAY, EAGERLY)* Come, friend Mel, come!

21. OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE OF ISIS

A PRIEST ADDRESSES AN ATTENTIVE AUDIENCE, AS SOMEONE PLAYS A SIMPLE, SOLEMN TUNE ON A REED PIPE ACCOMPANIED BY A RATTLE. HOWEVER, THESE SOUNDS ARE FAIRLY DISTANT; WE ARE AT THE BACK OF THE CROWD, WHERE A FEW PEOPLE CONDUCT MURMURED CONVERSATIONS. MEL AND AGLAE ARE HERE; AFTER A FEW SECONDS, THEY START TO TALK OVER THE PRIEST IN HUSHED TONES (IT DOESN'T MATTER IF WE CAN'T HEAR EVERYTHING HE SAYS).

PRIEST: Great Isis, we implore with you to hear your faithful followers. These men, who have toiled long and hard in the fields without our city, would know why the earth shakes so; why the fruit of the seeds that they have so diligently sewn is taken from them. It is our fear that Pompeii has earned the disfavour of the gods. We ask you, sweet goddess, how might we atone for our sins? We render unto you this sacrifice, and hope that you might look with kindness upon our humble plea.

MEL: Oh, Aglae! This person you said could help me – you were talking about your god, weren't you?

AGLAE: Have I done wrong, Mel, in bringing you to the temple of Isis?

MEL: No offence, Aglae, I just don't think standing in a courtyard and listening to some priest talking about farmers is going to help.

AGLAE: But Eumachia told me you serve our goddess.

MEL: Eumachia was wrong, I'm afraid.

THE PRIEST FINISHES HIS SPEECH ABOUT NOW, TO MURMURS OF ANTICIPATION.

AGLAE: E'en so, Mel, you should take your troubles to her. She may yet choose to favour you.

MEL: I don't think so.

FROM UP NEAR THE PRIEST, WE HEAR A DISTRESSED GOAT. THE CROWD IS QUITE EXCITED NOW, AND MEL AND AGLAE TALK AT NORMAL SPEAKING VOLUME.

What's happening now?

AGLAE: See, Mel! The priests make an offering to Isis. They bring our sacrifice to her out onto the steps of the temple, to the altars.

MEL: That's horrible!

AGLAE: *(SURPRISED)* The goddess requires an offering, Mel.

MEL: That's no excuse to slaughter an innocent animal.

AGLAE: *(AFRAID)* Oh, please do not speak out!

MEL: I should, you know. I should go up there and give that man a piece of my mind. *(SIGHS, TO SELF)* But that wouldn't change anything, would it? And it might be just the action that keeps me here forever.

AGLAE: Mel?

MEL: I'm sorry Aglae, I can't watch this.

WE FOLLOW THEM OUT ONTO A QUIET STREET (ALTHOUGH WE CAN STILL HEAR THE CROWD IN THE COURTYARD), WHERE THEY BUMP INTO CELSINUS.

(GASPS, STARTLED)

CELSINUS: You leave so soon, my lady?

MEL: You again!

CELSINUS: Popidius Celsinus, devoted servant to Isis. I have heard much of your visit to our city. I watched you earlier, as you perused our shops.

MEL: Yes, so I noticed.

CELSINUS: *(MILDLY OFFENDED)* I serve on the municipal council, my lady. It is natural that a fair young stranger in our city should interest me.

AGLAE: May I present Mel, my lord.

MEL: *(ARCHLY)* It's Melanie, actually.

CELSINUS: Perhaps, fair Melanie, I might show you the inside of our temple, for which I paid myself?

MEL: I'd rather not, if you don't mind.

CELSINUS: Then at least do me the honour of dining with me. Your travelling companion is also welcome. We have much to discuss, I fancy.

MEL: I don't know about that.

AGLAE: Mel! You cannot decline such an honour.

MEL: An honour? *(BEAT)* Of course! You're a councillor, right?

CELSINUS: I am one of Pompeii's decuriones.

MEL: So, if I wanted some work doing – say, some rubble shifting – then you could speed things up for me?

CELSINUS: It would please me to render what assistance I may. Will you then accept my invitation?

MEL: What do you think, Aglae? Are you hungry? *(BEAT)* Oh, I see. Not good enough to eat with the upper classes, is she? Well, in that case –

AGLAE: It matters not, Mel, really. I must return to my work at the Lupanar. Asellina will wonder what has become of me.

AGLAE LEAVES.

CELSINUS: So, Melanie?

MEL: *(TAKES A DEEP BREATH TO STEEL HERSELF)* All right then, Celsinus, you win. I'll have dinner with you.

CELSINUS: You are most gracious, lady.

MEL: And do you know why? Because, under normal circumstances, it's the last thing in the world I'd dream of doing. And that's a good thing right now... *(UNCERTAINLY)* I think.

CELSINUS: And your companion?

MEL: I left him at Valeria Hedone's inn.

CELSINUS: Come then, Mel. We shall fetch him as we walk.

22. THE HOUSE OF EUMACHIA

A SLAVE SHOWS THE DOCTOR, MEL AND CELSINUS INTO A SMALL ROOM WITH A TILED FLOOR, WHERE EUMACHIA GREETS THEM. OTHER SLAVES ARE BUSTLING IN AND OUT OF THE ROOM, SETTING A TABLE FOR DINNER.

CELSINUS: My friends, may I introduce the mistress of the house.
EUMACHIA: Eumachia, at your service.
DOCTOR: Ah. Delighted to meet you.
EUMACHIA: And I, you.
DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor and this is my friend, Melanie.
MEL: We've met, actually. *(TO CELSINUS)* I thought you said we were eating at your house?
CELSINUS: *(SURPRISED)* It was not my intention to mislead you. I thought you would be honoured to dine with a priestess.
MEL: Are you telling me the truth, Celsinus? This wouldn't be some kind of a trap, would it?
EUMACHIA: *(LAUGHING)* Fear not, girl. Eumachia holds no grudge for ill words chosen in haste. Doubtless you knew not to whom you were speaking.
MEL: I was rather more concerned with what you were doing.
DOCTOR: *(HURRIEDLY)* That's, ah, very gracious of you, Eumachia. *(ASIDE)* You can tell me about it later, Mel.
EUMACHIA: The sky is overcast; I fear the evening will not bring clement weather. We shall eat, then, here in the triclinium.
DOCTOR: An excellent idea. Come along Mel, let's take our places, shall we?
THEY MOVE INTO THE ROOM.
(ASIDE, TO MEL) We lie down on the couches.
MEL: *(ASIDE)* I can't eat lying down.
DOCTOR: When in Rome, Mel... or at least in the Roman Empire. And we eat with our hands.
THE FOUR DINERS LOWER THEMSELVES ONTO COUCHES AROUND THE LOW CENTRAL TABLE, WHICH THE SLAVES ARE STILL SETTING.
EUMACHIA: It pleases me to entertain you, Doctor, Melanie. There is much I would know of these strangers about whom the whole of Pompeii speaks.
DOCTOR: *(LAUGHING)* I hope we aren't a disappointment. You know how rumours can get out of hand.
EUMACHIA: Indeed. So, is it true you are a holy man, Doctor?
DOCTOR: *(GUARDEDLY)* I have the utmost respect for your beliefs.
EUMACHIA: And for the cult of the foreign goddess?
CELSINUS: Foreign Isis may be, Eumachia, but she is as wondrous and kind as any member of the Triad.
DOCTOR: We are simply travellers.
EUMACHIA: Come now, Doctor. You are plainly more than that.
DOCTOR: You, ah, have a beautiful house here, Eumachia. I particularly admire some of your paintings.
MEL: Even if they don't leave much to the imagination.
EUMACHIA: Thank you, Doctor. I come from a family of good standing.
CELSINUS: The Eumachii own Pompeii's wool market.
DOCTOR: I see.
EUMACHIA: And what of you, Doctor? Are you a wealthy man?
DOCTOR: In some respects. I always find money to be a little overrated.
BY NOW, THE SLAVES HAVE FINISHED THEIR WORK AND LEFT.

CELSINUS: *(ENTHUSIASTICALLY)* You keep a splendid table, Eumachia.
DOCTOR: Yes, very appetising. *(ASIDE)* You might wish to avoid the roasted thrush, Mel.
MEL: *(BEMUSED)* Thanks for the warning.
EUMACHIA: Well, eat heartily my friends! By the grace of the Venus Pompeiana, our stomachs will be full tonight.
CELSINUS: And let us each drink to the health of our host, and to that of the Emperor Titus.
DOCTOR: Indeed.
THEY DRINK, AND THEN BEGIN TO EAT (WITH THEIR HANDS, AS NOTED). CELSINUS EATS LOUDLY AND APPRECIATIVELY.
CELSINUS: These lark's tongues are delicious, Eumachia!
MEL: *(ASIDE, WITH HER MOUTH FULL, DISGUSTED)* Oh, Doctor!
EUMACHIA: Is the food not to your liking?
MEL: It's... you see I'm a vegetarian and -
EUMACHIA: Veget... *(THINKS)* No. No, I am not familiar with the name. Is this Vegetaria a province far from here?
MEL: No, it's -
DOCTOR: It's a long way from here indeed.
(PAUSE)
CELSINUS: Melanie, you said you are in need of assistance?
EUMACHIA: Oh?
CELSINUS: A small matter of a... lost treasure, was it not?
DOCTOR: *(WITH A FALSE, WORRIED LAUGH)* It really isn't important.
MEL: Yes it is, Doctor. Celsinus might be able to help us.
DOCTOR: *(ASIDE)* I don't think so, Mel.
MEL: *(SAME)* It's worth a try, isn't it? Why have you given up?
EUMACHIA: Perhaps you should tell us what vexes you. It may be that we can offer aid.
DOCTOR: *(TO EUMACHIA AND CELSINUS)* I mislaid a little something of mine. But it needn't concern you.
EUMACHIA: Might this be the temple of which people speak?
A LONG PAUSE; EVEN CELSINUS STOPS EATING.
I see I have disconcerted you, Doctor. Such was not my intent.
MEL: It sounded to me like you knew exactly what you were saying.
EUMACHIA: You should know that the citizens of Pompeii believe you both to have come from Isis; to be her messengers.
DOCTOR: As I said, rumours can get out of hand.
MEL: *(QUIETLY)* Yes. I thought we came from Vegetaria now.
EUMACHIA: And the servants of a goddess may wish to keep their secrets.
DOCTOR: We have not come from Isis, I assure you.
CELSINUS: *(SCANDALISED)* But Melanie herself said it was so!
EUMACHIA: Then there is some confusion, is there not?
DOCTOR: You must have misunderstood.
EUMACHIA: Or perhaps you fear we could see through your

deceptions, as a simple slave and a beggar woman could not.
DOCTOR: Really, I –
EUMACHIA: *(FORCEFULLY)* You are a liar, Doctor – and, if you are not, then this girl surely is.
MEL: *(INSULTED)* I'm as honest as they come!
DOCTOR: *(WARNINGLY)* Mel!
MEL: *(ASIDE)* Why don't we just tell them, Doctor?
DOCTOR: *(SAME)* We can't do that.
MEL: But it wouldn't change anything, would it? No one can stop the... what's going to happen. And they might be able to do something for us.
DOCTOR: It wouldn't do any good, Mel.
HE STANDS, ABRUPTLY.
(TO THE OTHERS) You should disregard what my companion says. Too much wine, I expect.
MEL: *(INSULTED)* Doctor!
DOCTOR: Thank you for your kind hospitality, but we really ought to leave.
CELSINUS: Please stay, Doctor. Tell us more of –
EUMACHIA: *(SCORNFULLY)* No, Celsinus. Can you not see it? They flee from the light of truth!
DOCTOR: You were right, Mel. These people never had any intention of helping us.
HE HURRIES MEL OUT OF THE ROOM.

23. VALERIA HEDONE'S INN
THERE ARE FEW CUSTOMERS LEFT NOW, AND THE STREET OUTSIDE IS QUIET. VALERIA IS AT THE BAR WHEN MURRANUS ENTERS.

VALERIA: Murranus! I did not expect your return.
MURRANUS: I am in need of wine, Valeria.
VALERIA: Then fortune is not with you. I shall serve no more today. I have but to remove these last few drunkards, and I shall take my rest.
MURRANUS: *(BANGS HIS FIST ON THE BAR, ANGRILY)* Wine, woman! The finest gladiator in Pompeii will not be denied! By Jupiter, has my reputation fallen so far in so short a time?
VALERIA: *(SIGHS)* Very well, Murranus. I shall pour you one cup, and no more.
MURRANUS: Well must you know you what drives me to drink, Valeria. Why, even your wall tells of my disgrace – and who is responsible for that, I wonder?
VALERIA FILLS A CUP.
VALERIA: My inn has been full through the festival, Murranus. I cannot see all that occurs within.
MURRANUS: I would see how the culprit fares against my sword, if his only weapon be the words of a coward.
VALERIA PLACES THE CUP IN FRONT OF HIM.
VALERIA: I will not countenance another fight here.
MURRANUS: *(TAKES A LARGE GULP OF WINE)* But my first concern must be the restoration of my honour. The stranger! The cheat! The... the...

VALERIA: Doctor.
MURRANUS: The Doctor, aye! He is responsible for my shame.
VALERIA: You know it is said that the Doctor and his friend are from Isis?
MURRANUS: The prattling of the masses! Besides, it matters not to me. This Doctor impugned my honesty –
VALERIA: He but told the truth.
MURRANUS: – and used trickery and fortune to outfight me.
VALERIA: You attacked him.
MURRANUS: *(SAGGING)* You know of my past, Valeria. You know the crime for which I was sent to the Amphitheatre. The aediles thought they had sentenced me to die. They knew not that I should prove so mighty a warrior. I live for the contest now, for the glorious battle. But still I live for so long as I have the respect of the people, and no longer.
VALERIA: And for so long as you are victorious.
MURRANUS: Even Murranus cannot always be victorious. And, when a fight is lost, he must depend, like all gladiators, on the mood of the crowd. *(BECOMING ANGRY AGAIN)* Should I lose their favour, should they think me so easily brought down by a... a deceitful stranger, an impertinent imp... then they shall not vote to spare me again.
VALERIA: I do see why you are troubled, Murranus.
MURRANUS: It is a matter of life and death to me, Valeria – and I swear, it will be the Doctor's death that safeguards my life.

24. A POMPEIAN STREET
EVENING IS DRAWING IN (SO, NO SEAGULLS). THE DOCTOR AND MEL SIT BESIDE A FOUNTAIN.

MEL: *(DISCONSOLATORY)* Well, that was a complete waste of time!
DOCTOR: *(SYMPATHETICALLY)* It wouldn't have worked, Mel. There's nothing you could have done.
MEL: I thought I could get somewhere with Celsinus; that he'd help us get the TARDIS back. I just made things a hundred times worse, didn't I?
DOCTOR: You mustn't give up.
MEL: Why not? You already have!
DOCTOR: Perhaps I did. But not any more.
MEL: You said –
DOCTOR: I know what I said, Mel. But you were right. There may still be a chance. And, so long as there is, I can't abandon the TARDIS.
MEL: *(RELIEVED)* I knew you'd come round in the end. So, what do we do first?
DOCTOR: *(GRIMLY)* I didn't say there was a good chance. *(HE TAKES A LONG PAUSE)* I want you to leave here.
MEL: What?
DOCTOR: I can't risk your life as well as my own. I want you to leave Pompeii before it's too late.
MEL: No!
DOCTOR: Don't make this difficult, Mel.
MEL: I'm not leaving you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: It's too dangerous for you here. You said it yourself:

Eumachia bears a grudge against you.
MEL: And you too, now. You'll need me here.
A HORSE AND CART APPROACHES.
DOCTOR: What I need, Mel, is for you to be safe. I got you into this. I can't be responsible for... for...
MEL: *(SUSPICIOUSLY)* You think this is it, don't you? You don't expect to get the TARDIS back at all. You think you're going to die here! And you want me to be somewhere nice and safe, far away, when it happens.
THE DOCTOR DOESN'T ANSWER. SECONDS LATER, THE HORSE AND CART ARE RIGHT ON TOP OF THEM. EUMACHIA IS IN THE CART.
EUMACHIA: Stop the cart. Stop! That is the girl, there.
MEL: What's going on now?
THE HORSE STOPS. EUMACHIA GETS OUT OF THE CART, ALONG WITH TWO MEN.
EUMACHIA: You cannot run from justice, vile thief! I would know where you have taken my precious jewels, that my poor dead husband gave to me. And if you will not tell me, then you will tell these men.
MEL: I don't know anything about your jewels.
DOCTOR: I'm sure there's been some mistake.
EUMACHIA: Liar! I invited you into my house in good faith, and you have stolen from me. My slaves bear witness to it. Take her away, Centurion!
THE MEN MARCH FORWARD AND SEIZE MEL.
MEL: Get off me! Both of you, get your hands off me!
EUMACHIA: The aediles will have the truth from you if I cannot.
MEL: Can't you see she's lying? She's trying to frame me. Doctor!
EUMACHIA: They will not take his word against that of a priestess.
DOCTOR: Another attempt to discredit Isis, Eumachia?
MEL STRUGGLES, BUT IS MANHANDLED INTO THE CART.
EUMACHIA: Your friend will serve my purpose well, Doctor.
MEL: *(SHOUTS)* Doctor, do something!
EUMACHIA: There is nought he can do, child. It will go better for you if you but speak the truth.
MEL: *(SHOUTS, ANGRILY)* The truth? Oh, you don't want to know the truth, I promise you.
DOCTOR: *(SHOUTS, URGENTLY)* This won't do any good, Mel!
THE CART PULLS AWAY; MEL'S VOICE RECEDES.
MEL: *(PANICKING)* You can't lock me up. You can't! Don't you realise? You'll kill me! This time tomorrow, we're all going to be dead! Do you hear me? We've got to get out of Pompeii before it's too late. *(YELLS IN DESPERATION)* Doctor!

END PART TWO

PART THREE

24 (RECAP)

EUMACHIA: I invited you into my house in good faith, and you have stolen from me. My slaves bear witness to it. Take her away, Centurion!
THE MEN MARCH FORWARD AND SEIZE MEL.
MEL: Get off me! Both of you, get your hands off me!
EUMACHIA: The aediles will have the truth from you if I cannot.
MEL: Can't you see she's lying? She's trying to frame me. Doctor!
EUMACHIA: They will not take his word against that of a priestess.
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EUMACHIA: Your friend will serve my purpose well, Doctor.
MEL: *(SHOUTS)* Doctor, do something!
EUMACHIA: There is nought he can do, child. It will go better for you if you but speak the truth.
MEL: *(SHOUTS, ANGRILY)* The truth? Oh, you don't want to know the truth, I promise you.
DOCTOR: *(SHOUTS, URGENTLY)* This won't do any good, Mel!
THE CART PULLS AWAY; MEL'S VOICE RECEDES.
MEL: *(PANICKING)* You can't lock me up. You can't! Don't you realise? You'll kill me! This time tomorrow, we're all going to be dead! Do you hear me? We've got to get out of Pompeii before it's too late. *(YELLS IN DESPERATION)* Doctor!
AS THE CART TRUNDLES INTO THE DISTANCE, A HUGE THUNDERCLAP HERALDS THE START OF A SEVERE STORM. RAIN LASHES DOWN.

24A. VALERIA HEDONES INN
THE SHUTTERS ARE CLOSED (SO THE ROOM IS NO LONGER OPEN TO THE STREET), BUT WE CAN HEAR RAIN BEATING DOWN ON THEM. MURRANUS HAS FALLEN ASLEEP AT THE BAR, AND IS SNORING.

VALERIA: Murranus? Murranus! *(SHAKES HIM ANGRILY)* Murranus!
MURRANUS: *(STIRS, BUT DOESN'T WAKE)*
VALERIA: *(SIGHS)* Well, slumber if you will, mirmillo but I will not be here to attend to you when you finally wake. You can haul your own drunken carcass out onto the street. It is late, it will be another busy day tomorrow, and I am in dire need of sleep.

25. A POMPEIAN BACK STREET
THROUGH THE STORM THE DOCTOR AND AGLAE WALK TOWARDS US.

AGLAE: I must confess, master –
DOCTOR: Doctor, please.
AGLAE: I must confess... Doctor... that I am perplexed. Why do you ask me to walk with you, so late at night, and in such weather?
DOCTOR: I need your help, Aglae. I'm running out of time.

(DISTANTLY) Less than twelve hours left now...
AGLAE: Master?
DOCTOR: I've been a fool, Aglae. I've been trying to recover a... an object of mine.
AGLAE: From the site of the collapsed building?
DOCTOR: Yes. But I was wrong.
AGLAE: Mel also tried to recover your possession.
DOCTOR: I thought it was her best chance. Find the TARDIS. Rescue her. Leave. Defy our destiny. But I've wasted time. Time, working against me. I have to do something about Mel, while there's still time.
AGLAE: *(WORRIED)* Mel? Is she in trouble?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid so, Aglae. And I've only made things worse. It seems I've overlooked something rather obvious.

26. A PRISON CELL
WE CAN STILL HEAR THUNDER AND RAIN BEATING DOWN OUTSIDE. MEL IS HERE. FOOTSTEPS APPROACH ALONG AN INTERNAL CORRIDOR, AND KEYS JINGLE IN THE DOOR LOCK.

MEL: Doctor? Doctor, is that you?
THE DOOR OPENS AND CELSINUS ENTERS.
CELSINUS: No, Melanie. It is I, Popidius Celsinus.
MEL: Oh. What do you want?
CELSINUS: I could not sleep.
MEL: You couldn't sleep? You try being locked up for the night!
CELSINUS: You haunted my thoughts.
MEL: I hope this isn't another chat-up, Celsinus.
CELSINUS: I desire only to know more about you, Melanie. The aediles will judge you on the morrow, and I felt we should speak first.
MEL: Well, I'm not sure I should speak to you.
CELSINUS: You must accept that your plight is of your own making.
MEL: I don't think so. You don't know me very well, do you Celsinus? I could never steal anything!
CELSINUS: Eumachia swears –
MEL: Eumachia framed me – and as far as I can see, you helped her.
CELSINUS: *(INDIGNANTLY)* You are speaking of a priestess!
MEL: Oh, come on Celsinus. You were with me the whole time I was in Eumachia's house. Did you see me take any jewellery?
CELSINUS: I... did not. But –
MEL: There you are, then.
CELSINUS: Yes... Yes, you are right, Melanie. I had thought perhaps... but no... I swear, none of this was my doing.
MEL: It was you who tricked me into going to that house!
CELSINUS: I was also tricked, I fear. I see now that Eumachia used me to discredit the goddess herself.
MEL: Well, that's pretty clear. But it's not your goddess I'm worried about. She didn't end up in a prison cell.
CELSINUS: *(SCANDALISED)* You cannot care so little about Isis.
MEL: It's not that, Celsinus. I just happen to have more

pressing concerns at the moment.
CELSINUS: You made claim to have come from Isis yourself.
MEL: *(EXASPERATED)* Well, I was lying, obviously. *(BEAT)* Oh, I'm sorry Celsinus, I had no choice. I didn't think anyone would believe the truth.
CELSINUS: Of what truth do you speak?
MEL: Trust me, you don't want to know.
CELSINUS: No, Melanie. It is time you trusted me! There is something... different about you. I have sensed it from the start. I do not think you to be evil, despite your dishonesty.
MEL: Well, thank you very much.
CELSINUS: Confide in me, and I can help you. I can plead with the aediles to show you mercy.
MEL: I'd like to, I really would. I just don't know...
CELSINUS: You need but speak the truth, and I will have you free of this gaol within days. And then, perhaps we... *(BEAT)* Melanie? Melanie, have I said ought to offend you?
MEL: *(SADLY)* 'Days', Celsinus? *(A LONG PAUSE; THEN, SIGHS)* I think you'd better leave.
CELSINUS: But I would –
MEL: Just go! Please, Celsinus, leave me alone. I don't think you can help me.
CELSINUS: *(RELUCTANTLY)* As you wish, then. *(HE HESITATES AT THE DOOR)* But I shall pray to the goddess, my lady – that, though you have turned your back on her, she may not so hastily abandon you. *HE LEAVES, CLOSING AND LOCKING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.*
MEL: *(TO SELF)* I don't think it's Isis I need. Where are you, Doctor?

27. THE GUARD ROOM
CELSINUS ENTERS, TO FIND THE DOCTOR STOOPED OVER A SLEEPING – AND SNORING – GAOLER.

DOCTOR: *(TO GAOLER, SOFTLY)* That's right. You just sleep. Let me take care of everything. That is... if I can find where you keep your...
CELSINUS: What in the name of the goddess occurs here?
DOCTOR: *(STARTLED)* Ah, Mister Celsinus. *(RUEFULLY)* Oh. So, you have the keys to the cells, I see.
CELSINUS: Doctor! What business do you have in this place?
DOCTOR: Just, ah, visiting my companion.
CELSINUS: At this hour?
DOCTOR: *(VAGUELY)* Well, who keeps track of time?
CELSINUS: What has happened to the gaoler?
DOCTOR: *(AS IF SURPRISED)* Oh, yes. Well, it's the long hours, I expect. Working through the night... er, do you think it's wise to wake him?
CELSINUS: I will not accept such slothfulness!
DOCTOR: *(WITH MOCK INDIGNATION)* Quite right. Why, anybody could have walked in here –
CELSINUS: I shall have the wretched fellow flogged.
DOCTOR: – and released your prisoners.

CELSINUS: Indeed.
DOCTOR: Although...
CELSINUS: Although?
DOCTOR: It must be a great responsibility.
CELSINUS: What concern is that of mine?
DOCTOR: And, as you said, it's late –
CELSINUS: It is late.
DOCTOR: – and I should think he's very tired.
CELSINUS: You're right, Doctor. I am tired.
DOCTOR: Tired of all the responsibility. In fact, you're tired of everything, aren't you, Celsinus? Tired of being a good councillor to the people. Tired of being a good servant to Isis. Tired of having to solve everybody else's problems. It's late, Popidius Celsinus, and you want to rest, don't you?
CELSINUS: I would like to rest. But –
DOCTOR: Hand over the responsibility. Let somebody else take care of it.
CELSINUS: *(DROWSILY)* Somebody else... *(HE SITS DOWN HEAVILY)*
DOCTOR: *(SOOTHINGLY)* That's right. Just sit down. Rest. Let somebody else take the responsibility. Let somebody else take the... keys...
HE EASES THE KEYS CAREFULLY FROM CELSINUS'S GRASP.
CELSINUS: *(STIRRING)* No, wait. The prisoner... Melanie...
DOCTOR: There's no need to be concerned. You don't have to worry about anything. *(HE WAITS UNTIL CELSINUS IS ASLEEP)* I'll take good care of your prisoner.

28. A POMPEIAN STREET
THE DOCTOR AND MEL RUN OUT INTO THE RAIN, TO WHERE AGLAE WAITS WITH A RESTLESS HORSE AND A WAGON.

MEL: I knew you'd rescue me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I'm touched by your faith – but we aren't out of danger yet.
AGLAE: *(CALLS FROM HORSE)* Mel!
MEL: Aglae! What are you doing here?
AGLAE: Your friend came to see me, Mel. He asked that I bring my mistress's horse and wagon.
MEL: You mean you've stolen them?
DOCTOR: I've assured Aglae she won't get into trouble. I think Asellina will have other things to worry about tomorrow, don't you?
MEL: Oh... I see what you mean. Well, I suppose we do need to get out of Pompeii, don't we?
DOCTOR: Not 'we', Mel. Just you.
MEL: No, Doctor!
DOCTOR: There's no time to argue. I want you to hide in the wagon until you're safely out of the city. Then you and Aglae should get as far away from here as possible.
MEL: And what about you?
DOCTOR: I told you before, if there's a chance of finding the TARDIS –

MEL: Then I'm not leaving either.
DOCTOR: (IMPATIENTLY) The best way to change history, Mel, is to do something unexpected; something totally out of character; something you would never have done if it wasn't for your knowledge of the future.
MEL: Like what?
DOCTOR: Like doing as I tell you for once!
MEL: But you said if we make a deliberate attempt to change history –
DOCTOR: *(EXASPERATED)* Just do it, Mel. Please!
MEL: Well... OK, Doctor... if you're sure it's the right thing to do. *(CLIMBS INTO THE WAGON)* But I'm still not happy about this.
DOCTOR: This isn't goodbye, Mel.
MEL: It feels like it. You'll never dig out the TARDIS in time.
DOCTOR: I don't have to.
MEL: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: It isn't buried. Somebody moved it before the building collapsed.
MEL: How can you possibly know that?
DOCTOR: I should have seen it much earlier, Mel. That part of the city was excavated long before 1980. If the TARDIS really was beneath that rubble, it would have been discovered then.
MEL: So, who do you think moved it?
DOCTOR: I don't know, but I intend to find out. And I'll find you, Mel, I promise – with or without the TARDIS. I don't intend to die here.
MEL: *(STERNLY)* You better hadn't, Doctor.
A LONG PAUSE, THEN THE DOCTOR WALKS TO AGLAE.
DOCTOR: She's ready to go now, Aglae.
AGLAE: Goodbye, Doctor. Thank you for your kindness.
DOCTOR: Goodbye, Aglae. It's been a pleasure knowing you.
THE HORSE SETS OFF; HE WAITS UNTIL IT'S SOME DISTANCE AWAY.
(TO SELF, SADLY) Goodbye, Mel.

29. THE CITY GATE
A LEGIONARY IS ON GUARD. THE HORSE AND CART APPROACHES.

LEGIONARY: Hold!
THE HORSE AND CART STOPS.
Why, you are but a slave! Where is your mistress, girl?
AGLAE: *(TRYING IN VAIN TO CONCEAL HER NERVOUSNESS)* She is abed, sir. She sent me out on an errand of some urgency.
LEGIONARY: It is an uncommon time of night for a young maidservant to be travelling out of the city. What manner of errand might this be?
AGLAE: I am to fetch supplies from Herculaneum. For Valeria Hedone. She requires fresh amphorae of wine.
LEGIONARY: *(AMUSED)* So, Valeria's inn has been drunk dry? Aye, it has been a good feast indeed!
AGLAE: Please... I must return with the supplies before dawn.
LEGIONARY: Then you may pass, girl... once I have checked your wagon.
AGLAE: *(AFRAID)* My wagon?

LEGIONARY: It will be empty for the outward journey, will it not?
AGLAE: It is a most urgent errand. Please, open the gate.
LEGIONARY: Dismount, girl.
AGLAE: *(COWED)* As you wish, sir.
AGLAE DISMOUNTS AND FOLLOWS THE LEGIONARY ROUND TO THE BACK OF THE WAGON.
LEGIONARY: Now, what's in the back here –
HE PULLS BACK THE CLOTH.
MEL: *(WEAKLY)* I expect you're surprised to find me here.
AGLAE HITS THE LEGIONARY ON HIS NECK/SHOULDERS WITH A STICK (IT MIGHT CLANG AGAINST HIS HELMET TOO), KNOCKING HIM OVER.
LEGIONARY: *(GRUNT OF PAIN)*
MEL: *(SHRIEKS)* Aglae!
AGLAE: *(HORRIFIED)* Oh Mel, what have I done?
MEL: *(ASTONISHED)* You've knocked him out, that's what. What did you hit him with?
AGLAE: This... It is an arm, from that statue... the earthquakes must have shaken it loose...
MEL: I know I told you to be a bit more assertive, Aglae, but I didn't mean –
AGLAE: *(TEARFULLY)* When the aediles hear of this, I will go the lions for my sins.
MEL: *(DETERMINED)* No! No you won't, Aglae. Not if they don't catch you. Get back on that horse, go on. Let's get out of here!
AGLAE: But, Mel, the gate is still closed.
LEGIONARY: *(GROANS AS HE BEGINS TO STIR)*
MEL: Well, there's no time to open it – and I don't like the look of that legionary's sword.
SHE JUMPS OUT OF THE WAGON.
That wagon wasn't very comfortable anyway. It looks like we're on foot from now on. Come on, Aglae.
THEY RUN TOWARDS THE GATE.

30. VALERIA HEDONE'S INN
THE RAIN HAS STOPPED. WOODEN SHUTTERS ARE DOWN OVER THE FRONT OF THE INN. SOMEBODY KNOCKS ON THEM FROM WITHOUT, WAKING MURRANUS.

MURRANUS: *(GROANS)* What in Jupiter's name –?
THE KNOCKING COMES AGAIN, MORE URGENTLY.
DOCTOR: *(FROM OUTSIDE)* Valeria!
VALERIA ENTERS DOWN A FLIGHT OF WOODEN STAIRS.
VALERIA: What is that infernal racket? Murranus! Are you still here?
MURRANUS: *(BLEARILY)* My lady... I must have fallen asleep at your bar.
VALERIA: You did indeed, mirmillo – and it is time you stirred yourself and returned to your barracks. It is almost dawn.
THE DOCTOR KNOCKS AGAIN.
DOCTOR: Valeria!
VALERIA: *(CALLS, IRRITATED)* Be gone with you! Can you not see

the shutters are up? Festival or no, I am entitled to some sleep.
DOCTOR: Valeria, I must speak to you.
VALERIA: Doctor?
MURRANUS: *(SUDDENLY ALERT)* Doctor?
A TENSE PAUSE.
VALERIA: Hold, Doctor. I have to... adjust my clothing.
MURRANUS: *(ASIDE, SO THE DOCTOR CAN'T HEAR)* The Doctor – here! Oh, but the fates are kind to me this morning. The source of my shame has walked into my grasp.
VALERIA: *(SAME)* I will have no fighting in my bar, Murranus, I warned you of that last night.
MURRANUS: He must pay for his treachery!
VALERIA: *(SHARPLY)* Murranus!
MURRANUS: *(IGNORING HER)* Damn you, Valeria. Damn you for plying me with your wine.
VALERIA: I heard no complaints at the time.
MURRANUS: I am not yet ready for this. My head aches. My stomach feels as if Vulcan himself has stoked his fire within.
VALERIA: Then I shall send him away. It is a simple matter.
MURRANUS: No! No, let him enter. I shall take cover in your back room until I have had time to think. And you, Valeria... *(HAS AN IDEA)* Yes, yes, with your assistance, I shall see my honour restored.
VALERIA: I want no part of this, Murranus.
MURRANUS: *(ANGRILY)* Your wants do not concern me, woman. My life is at stake. If you obstruct my mission, then know that you will be my sworn enemy – and you will suffer the same fate as the Doctor.

31. INSIDE A TOMB
MEL AND AGLAE HAVE TAKEN SHELTER HERE. MEL OPENS THE HEAVY DOOR A CRACK TO PEER OUTSIDE. IT IS MORNING, AND WE HEAR THE CRIES OF SEAGULLS AGAIN.

AGLAE: *(IN A FEARFUL WHISPER)* Do you see ought, Mel?
MEL: Only that the sun's coming up. It looks like being a beautiful morning. A lot warmer than it is in this old crypt, anyway.
AGLAE: But what of the legionary?
MEL: No sign of him, thank goodness.
SHE CLOSES THE DOOR.
AGLAE: I was certain he had followed us into the necropolis. I even feared he had spied us as we entered this tomb.
MEL: Well, he isn't out there now, and this place is giving me the creeps.
AGLAE: Oh Mel, you ought not to be afraid of the spirits of our ancestors. So long as we are respectful to them, they can only assist us.
MEL: All the same, I'd rather not spend any more time than I have to with their bones. I think we should be making a move now.
AGLAE: *(DISTRESSED)* No, Mel, I cannot. We will surely be seen. We have passed beyond the city walls. Is that not enough?
MEL: No, Aglae, it isn't. You heard what the Doctor said. We have to get as far away as possible. And now that we don't even have a horse...

AGLAE: *(TEARFULLY)* Oh, Mel, I have brought this misfortune upon us.
MEL: No you haven't, Aglae. You've done the right thing, I promise.
AGLAE: When the Doctor came to me last night, he made it sound so right, so necessary, that I should flee Pompeii. Now, in the light of dawn, I look on what I have done and I see how foolish it was. I have earned the gods' wrath.
MEL: Not necessarily. We've got a chance, if you'll take it.
AGLAE: Asellina will be rising now. She will see I am not about my chores. Soon, everyone will know my shame.
MEL: Believe me, Aglae, it won't matter soon. Now are you coming or not?
AGLAE: I –
MEL OPENS THE DOOR AGAIN.
MEL: No one's going to catch us, Aglae, and the gods certainly aren't about to punish us. We're just doing what we can to save our – *(GASPS IN SHOCK)*
THE LEGIONARY APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY.
AGLAE: *(SHRIEKS)* Mel, no!
LEGIONARY: So, this is where you thought to hide from me?
MEL: *(RUEFULLY)* I may have spoken too soon.

32. VALERIA HEDONE'S INN
THE DOCTOR AND VALERIA SIT AT THE BAR.

VALERIA: Are you certain you will not take a drink, Doctor?
DOCTOR: *(DISTRACTEDLY)* Hmm? Oh, no, no thank you, Valeria. There's no time. I need to keep a clear head... to think. To look for patterns...
VALERIA: I shall pour you one anyway. You may change your mind.
SHE FILLS A CUP WITH WINE.
DOCTOR: So, remind me: Pompeii is under the rule of two duoviri, right?
VALERIA: They answer to the Emperor, of course.
DOCTOR: Of course. And beneath them...?
VALERIA: The aediles, Doctor, and one hundred decuriones beneath them.
DOCTOR: Like Celsinus. And the elected magistrates beneath them. A lot of the graffiti in the city refers to electoral candidates. There must be some in-fighting? People trying to climb the political ladder?
VALERIA: The writings are old. The elections were more than a month since.
DOCTOR: Of course.
VALERIA: Must we speak of this now, Doctor? It is past dawn, and an uncommonly hot morning it looks like becoming. I will have customers here soon. I have much to prepare.
DOCTOR: *(DEEP IN THOUGHT)* Dawn... dawn, yes... there was a ceremony in progress at the Temple of Isis. Greeting the new day. *(TO SELF, SADLY)* The last day. *(TO VALERIA)* What do you think of Isis,

Valeria?
VALERIA: She is a most benevolent goddess.
DOCTOR: And what about your rulers?
VALERIA: I see what you imply, Doctor, but you are wrong. Foreign Isis may be, but she is tolerated and even embraced. Her cult has spread so that even the decuriones now worship at her altar.
DOCTOR: *(THOUGHTFULLY AGAIN)* Yes, Rome always did incorporate the cultures of the people it conquered into its own. *(TO VALERIA)* But there must be some dissenters? Eumachia, for example.
VALERIA: Eumachia is a bitter old widow, who fears only that her own power will diminish. You are aware that she is a priestess of the Capitoline Triad?
DOCTOR: Which is Jupiter, Juno and Minerva?
VALERIA: Although she worships many gods, as we all do.
DOCTOR: *(REMEMBERING)* Venus Pompeiana...
VALERIA: Aye, the official goddess of Pompeii. She brings us fortune and prosperity. And the Emperor, of course, the only god who may walk on this Earth. Are you sure you will not drink, Doctor?
DOCTOR: *(SIGHS)* I shouldn't be doing this, Valeria.
VALERIA: I do not understand.
DOCTOR: I shouldn't be here. Talking to you. Trying to find my ship. If it weren't for my foreknowledge, I'd still be in that back street, trying to shift debris, letting time run through my fingers.
VALERIA: You make no sense to me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Best not to think about it. But how can I ignore it?
VALERIA: You need sleep.
THE DOCTOR STANDS.
DOCTOR: No time to sleep. I must find the TARDIS.
VALERIA: Then at least take this drink.
SHE PUSHES THE FULL CUP ACROSS THE BAR TOWARDS HIM.
I cannot help you with your arduous task, Doctor, but I can ensure that you are refreshed for it.
DOCTOR: *(UNCERTAIN FOR A MOMENT, THEN)* Yes. Yes, I think I will. Thank you, Valeria. *(HE DRINKS)*

33. A PRISON CELL
MEL AND AGLAE ARE IMPRISONED HERE. MEL BANGS FRANTICALLY ON THE DOOR.

MEL: *(SHOUTS)* Hello? Can you hear me?... I know there's somebody out there. I want to see my friend... Hello?
AGLAE: It is no use, Mel. The guard will not come.
MEL: I can't believe I'm right back where I started. Back in Pompeii. Back in this cell.
AGLAE: *(SELF-PITYING)* We have transgressed against the gods.
MEL: *(GROANS)* Please, Aglae, not again. What time do you think it is?
AGLAE: I know not, Mel, but the morning grows long.
MEL: Yes, that's what I was afraid of. And it's getting a bit too warm for my liking too.
AGLAE: I have stolen from my mistress and run from her. I have attacked a soldier of the Empire. I deserve to be punished.

MEL: Well, you might be punished a bit more harshly than you expected if we don't get out of here soon. *(BANGS ON THE DOOR; SHOUTS)* I know you can hear me out there. I demand to see somebody in charge. Hello? *(GIVES UP WITH A SIGH)* The worst thing is, the Doctor doesn't even know we're back here. We can't count on a rescue from him this time. We've got to do something for ourselves.
AGLAE: He will learn of our plight soon enough. The whole of Pompeii will hear of our actions. There will be much talk.
MEL: *(GLOOMILY)* I don't know if that's comforting or worrying.
AGLAE: But the Doctor, I fear, can do nought to help those who have offended the gods.
MEL: *(SIGHS)* OK then, Aglae, you've convinced me. There's only one thing for it – more's the pity.
AGLAE: Mel?
MEL: *(BANGS ON THE DOOR; SHOUTS)* Listen to me! I want you to take a message to someone – and I'm sure he'll be very cross with you if you don't. *(TAKES A DEEP BREATH)* Tell Popidius Celsinus I want to see him, please.

34. VALERIA HEDONE'S INN
THE DOCTOR'S DRINK WAS DRUGGED. MUCH AS HE TRIES TO RESIST IT, HE IS FALLING ASLEEP.

DOCTOR: *(DROWSILY)* Valeria, what have I been drinking?
VALERIA: Only the finest local wine, Doctor.
DOCTOR: (STRUGGLING TO TALK) Tired... so tired...
VALERIA: It is to be expected. You have been up all night.
DOCTOR: Drugged... the wine.. Valeria...
VALERIA: I'm sorry, Doctor.
MURRANUS ENTERS.
MURRANUS: *(TAUNTINGLY)* Why, Doctor, you ought to show our host some gratitude. She flavoured your drink with a concoction of herbs that will aid your relaxation... at my suggestion, of course.
DOCTOR: *(ONE LAST GASP BEFORE HE SUCCUMBS)* Murranus!
MURRANUS: You have done well, Valeria.
VALERIA: *(SCORNFULLY)* I have done your dirty work for you, Murranus, and may the gods curse me for it.
MURRANUS: *(MOCKINGLY)* You are most kind.
VALERIA: Oh, Murranus, when will you see? This Doctor isn't your enemy. You don't need to kill him to make your point.
MURRANUS: It is my life at stake, Valeria. I shall be the judge of what I must do.
VALERIA: If that is the case, then you will take yourself away from this inn, Murranus. You are no longer welcome here.
MURRANUS: I go gladly, Valeria – so long as I take my prize with me.

35. A POMPEIAN STREET
IT IS LATE MORNING, AND THE STREET IS FAIRLY BUSY. MEL AND CELSINUS WALK TOGETHER, TRAILED BY SEVERAL SLAVES.

MEL: Oh really, Celsinus, are all these slaves necessary? I'm hardly going to overpower you and run away, now am I?
CELSINUS: You have escaped before, Melanie. I cannot take the risk that it will happen again. It was difficult enough to persuade the aediles to release you into my care, so we could talk like this.
MEL: *(AGGRIEVED)* Yes, and it took you long enough too – and poor old Aglae's still locked up in that awful cell.
CELSINUS: I have done all I can, Melanie – and you must return to that gaol yourself.
MEL: Oh Celsinus, I'm grateful for your freeing me, of course. But I wish you'd believe what I've told you. We're running out of time.
CELSINUS: I know not, Melanie. Your story is incredible, and your prophecy goes against what Isis herself has promised.
MEL: What's Isis got to do with it?
CELSINUS: You saw how the farmers went to her temple yesterday. She gave them her blessing. She decrees that better days will come; that the mountainside will again be fertile.
MEL: It's lies, Celsinus. Superstitious lies! Why can't you see that? *(HE IS AGHAST; SHE TRIES TO MOLLIFY HIM)* I'm sorry, but I'm telling you the truth, I swear. I don't know how much trouble I'll get into for it, but I am telling you the truth.
CELSINUS: I want to believe you, Melanie, but you have lied before.
MEL: I told you, I didn't think I had a choice. You've got to believe me, Celsinus, it just isn't like me to tell lies. *(RUEFULLY)* And after all the damage it's caused this time, I'll be even less likely to do it in future.
CELSINUS: I could speak to the aediles this afternoon–
MEL: *(FRUSTRATED)* By this afternoon, we'll be dead!
CELSINUS: *(ANGUISHED)* How can I believe that the gods would so abandon Pompeii? You speak of the mountain erupting, girl, but Vesuvius is no volcano. Why, our people have farmed its slopes for generations.
MEL: Then they're about to get a big surprise, I'm afraid.
CELSINUS: But why would Vulcan send his fire to destroy us now? He was so pleased with our offerings yesterday.
MEL: I don't know how to prove it to you, Celsinus, and by the time I can it will be too late for any of us. You've just got to trust me.
CELSINUS: And the oracles of Isis; why did they not foresee this doom?
MEL: *(DESPERATELY)* Can't you give me the benefit of the doubt? Just for a couple of hours? After that, if it turns out I was lying to you, you can lock me up and throw away the key! Just a couple of hours, Celsinus.
CELSINUS: *(STILL SUSPICIOUS)* What do you want from me?
MEL: Somebody took something from us – from the Doctor and me.
CELSINUS: This is the temple of which Eumachia spoke?
MEL: I suppose so, yes. But it's not a temple.
CELSINUS: A blue box carved from wood, Eumachia said, painted with signs that made no sense... *(FALTERINGLY)* 'Po... Po-lick-ay...'
MEL: *(SPELLING IT TO HERSELF)* Pol.. P-O-L... yes! 'Police

Box'! Eumachia told you that?
CELSINUS: Is that not correct?
MEL: No! I mean, yes. Yes it is. It's absolutely correct. *(THOUGHTFULLY)* But how did Eumachia...? Unless... *(SUDDENLY ENTHUSIASTIC)* That's it! That's got to be it! Oh Celsinus, I could kiss you.
CELSINUS: My lady?
MEL: Don't you see? Eumachia couldn't have described the TARDIS in such detail unless she'd seen it herself. She took it, she must have done!
CELSINUS: But, Melanie, the strange manner of your arrival here has been the talk of the city.
MEL: *(THINKING HARD)* Maybe. But... but how many people actually saw it? And how many can read – or even recognise letters? Not many of the slaves, I'll bet... No, it makes sense. Eumachia must have seen the TARDIS. And she wants to discredit Isis. So, if she thought the Doctor and I were her messengers come to Pompeii in some... some magical temple...
CELSINUS: *(TRYING TO KEEP UP)* You blame Eumachia for your loss?
MEL: Yes, Celsinus, I do. *(TO SELF, EXULTANTLY)* I do. I've actually done it! I've found out where the TARDIS is. We can't be destined to lose it here. *(TO CELSINUS)* I want to go back to Eumachia's house.
CELSINUS: Is that wise?
MEL: She's got the TARDIS, Celsinus, I know she has. And that's the one thing that can save my life... all our lives... right now.

36. THE AMPHITHEATRE
THE AMPHITHEATRE IS CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC, BUT MURRANUS HAS CARRIED THE SLEEPING DOCTOR TO THE CENTRE OF THE ARENA. HE POKES THE DOCTOR WITH HIS TOE, STIRRING HIM.

MURRANUS: Wake, Doctor! Come on, wake! I am eager for our final confrontation.
DOCTOR: *(BLEARILY)* Mmm? What...? Where am I? The Amphitheatre? How did...? Murranus! Murranus, you tricked me.
MURRANUS: As you also tricked me yesterday, Doctor. You fought without honour. Now you will pay for that.
DOCTOR: You talk of fighting with honour? You had Valeria drug me. *(SUDDENLY WORRIED)* Wait! Wait, how long have I been unconscious?
MURRANUS: Several hours, Doctor, but worry not: when next you sleep, it will be for much longer. *(LAUGHS CRUELLY)*
DOCTOR: *(PICKS HIMSELF UP; ANGRILY)* You idiot, Murranus. Do you have any idea what you've done?
MURRANUS: *(WITH EQUAL ANGER)* I have done what is necessary to regain what you stole from me. You cannot take the coward's way out this time, Doctor. My comrades in arms guard the exits from this arena.
THE MEN GROWL ACCORDINGLY
Now choose your weapons, and we shall settle our

differences like men.
DOCTOR: You're forgetting something, Murranus. The Amphitheatre is closed. You have no audience here.
MURRANUS: It matters not. Word will spread that I have bested you. They will talk of my great victory for months.
DOCTOR: And that will please you, will it? Killing me will make you happy?
MURRANUS: Here, Doctor! You have the build of a retarius. You can fight with the net and trident of one.
THROWS THE IMPLEMENTS TO THE DOCTOR
DOCTOR: I'm not going to fight you, Murranus. Kill me if you must, but it will have to be in cold blood as I stand here before you, defenceless.
MURRANUS: *(UNDAUNTED)* Then so it shall be.
ANOTHER QUAKE BEGINS, QUIETLY AT FIRST BUT BUILDING.

37. A POMPEIAN STREET
THE QUAKE CONTINUES TO BUILD. IT'S A BAD ONE. THIS ISN'T A VERY POPULOUS AREA, BUT THOSE WHO ARE PRESENT REACT AS BEFORE.

MEL: *(FRIGHTENED)* Do you see what I mean now, Celsinus? It's starting. It's starting already!
CELSINUS: Calm yourself, Melanie, it is but another earthquake. Pompeii has suffered many. The gods must remain displeased.
MEL: Can't you see? Can't you see what's happening here?
CELSINUS: Just hold on to me. With the assistance of Isis, we can withstand this trial.
MEL: I don't think Isis is going to get help you this time.

38. THE AMPHITHEATRE
THE QUAKE CONTINUES. THE GLADIATORS WHO GUARD THE EXITS MAKE DISCONCERTED NOISES.

MURRANUS: Once again, the gods come to your aid – but this time they cannot do enough to spare you from me.
DOCTOR: *(URGENTLY)* I don't have time for this, Murranus!
MURRANUS: You have no more pressing appointment than with Death, Doctor. It matters not how fierce the quake becomes; we shall have our reckoning.

39. A POMPEIAN STREET
THE QUAKE SUBSIDES. FROM THIS POINT ON, WE HEAR NO MORE SEAGULLS.

CELSINUS: There, Mel, do you see? The quake has ended. There is nought to fear from our gods.
MEL: Then... then why has the water stopped flowing from that fountain?
CELSINUS: *(PUZZLED)* Why, I do not –
MEL: And look! Look over there – that bird fluttering in its cage. Like it knows what's going to happen. *(GASPS IN REALISATION)*

And listen! Listen, Celsinus. Can you hear any seagulls?
CELSINUS: The gulls have left the sky? But surely –
MEL: That sundial. What does it say? What time is it?
CELSINUS: It is near the sixth hour.
MEL: It's midday, isn't it? Of course it is. I can tell by the position of the sun. Can't you feel it, Celsinus? It's going to happen. It's going to happen any minute now.
CELSINUS: *(UNCERTAINLY)* I... do feel something... but, if anything, it is an unnatural calm. Surely...
MEL: *(IN A HORRIFIED WHISPER)* It's too late!

40. THE AMPHITHEATRE

DOCTOR: *(URGENTLY)* Fighting won't solve anything, Murranus. We've all got more important things to worry about.
MURRANUS: Pick up the net and trident, Doctor, or you will be defenceless.
DOCTOR: There has to be another way to settle this.
MURRANUS: Fight back or not, Doctor, I will slaughter you either way. I have given you a chance to defend yourself; my conscience is clear. But I will have satisfaction. If you will not take the weapons, then you will die all the sooner.
DOCTOR: *(FURIOUSLY)* You think you'll reclaim your honour this way, but your honour will be worth nothing when you're reduced to ashes!
MURRANUS: Die, Doctor, with a coward's plea on your lips!

END PART THREE

PART FOUR

40 (RECAP)

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DOCTOR: *(FURIOUSLY)* You think you'll reclaim your honour this way, but your honour will be worth nothing when you're reduced to ashes!
MURRANUS: Die, Doctor, with a coward's plea on your lips!

41. A POMPEIAN STREET
THERE IS AN UNNATURAL SILENCE. A FEW PEOPLE ARE MUTTERING APPREHENSIVELY, AS IF THEY CAN FEEL THAT THINGS AREN'T RIGHT.

MEL: Do you trust me now, Celsinus?
CELSINUS: I feel I must – and yet how can I accept that Pompeii has seen its final dawn? There must surely be hope.
MEL: Of course there's hope. Plenty of people will escape. You can settle down somewhere else; start a new life.
CELSINUS: Then the gods have judged us already? They have decided which of us should live or die?
MEL: No, Celsinus, it's in our hands as well. It's up to us to do whatever we can to help ourselves... *(MEANINGFULLY)* and each other.
CELSINUS: You wish something of me.
MEL: I want you to let Aglae out of gaol.
CELSINUS: I know not if –
MEL: You must, Celsinus. If she's locked in there when the volcano erupts, she'll die! She doesn't deserve that. She's only in this mess in the first place because she tried to help me. You've got to set her free. Then you've both got to get away.
CELSINUS: You are not coming with us?
MEL: There's something I've got to do first.
CELSINUS: You still mean to visit Eumachia.
MEL: I have to. I remember the way, don't worry.
CELSINUS: But the aediles –
MEL: I thought you said you trusted me.
CELSINUS: I... yes, Melanie. Yes, I do trust you.
MEL: Then will you do as I ask? Please, Celsinus!

42. THE AMPHITHEATRE

MURRANUS: Prepare to die, Doctor. Prepare to –

VALERIA RUSHES IN, PUSHING PAST THE GLADIATORS.
VALERIA: No, Murranus! Stop this!
DOCTOR: *(RELIEVED)* Valeria! Am I glad to see you.
MURRANUS: Valeria Hedone, this is no concern of yours. The Doctor and I have a score to settle.
BY NOW, VALERIA HAS MARCHED UP TO MURRANUS.
VALERIA: *(DETERMINEDLY)* You are wrong, Murranus, it is my concern It was I who delivered this man to you; this man who has done nought to warrant your vengeance, who may even be a servant of our goddess. Slay me if you wish, but it is only thus that you will get to the Doctor.
DOCTOR: I'm very grateful, Valeria, but this really isn't–
MURRANUS: *(DISMISSIVELY)* Begone, woman! You have no place here.
VALERIA: I had not the courage to stand against you before, Murranus, but I will not back down again. I will not have the Doctor's blood on my hands.
MURRANUS: Then you leave me no choice, Valeria.
THE DOCTOR LEAPS ON MURRANUS.
MURRANUS: *(AN INCOHERENT ROAR OF RAGE)*
VALERIA: Doctor!
T*HERE IS A BRIEF STRUGGLE.*
DOCTOR: *(URGENTLY)* Thanks for the distraction, Valeria. Now, get behind me!
MURRANUS: You fight like a coward, Doctor, attacking from behind.
DOCTOR: I don't wish to fight you at all – but I have your weapon now, Murranus. If I were you, I'd keep your distance from us.
MURRANUS: *(SCORNFULLY)* Why? You can barely lift my sword, let alone wield it. I could kill you with my bare hands.
DOCTOR: *(MUTTERS)* Yes, I think you probably could. *(TO MURRANUS)* Here, catch!
HE THROWS THE SWORD TO MURRANUS.
VALERIA: *(ALARMED)* No, Doctor, not the sword!
THE DOCTOR SCRAMBLES FOR THE DISCARDED NET OF THE RETARIUS AND FLINGS IT OVER MURRANUS, ENTANGLING HIM.
DOCTOR: You can try this net for size too. *(URGENTLY)* Now, Valeria, while he's entangled.
MURRANUS: *(SCREAMS ANGRILY)* I will kill you for this!
DOCTOR: So you keep saying. But you seem to be a little tied up at the moment. Come on, Valeria, run!
VALERIA: *(FRIGHTENED)* But... but the other gladiators...
THE DOCTOR TAKES VALERIA'S ARM AND PULLS HER AWAY. THE GLADIATORS RUN TO CUT THEM OFF.
DOCTOR: Towards the audience seating. We can climb out that way.
VALERIA: *(SHRIEKS AS SHE STUMBLES)* Doctor!
DOCTOR: Valeria!
HE HELPS HER UP.
VALERIA: No! Save yourself, Doctor. I do not deserve your aid. It is the gods' will that I should die here.
DOCTOR: I wish it was that simple. Can you still walk?
VALERIA: It is too late! You have doomed yourself, Doctor. The gladiators surround us.

MURRANUS HAS FREED HIMSELF. HE APPROACHES THEM ANGRILY.
MURRANUS: A fair attempt, Doctor, but I told you: no power on Earth or in the heavens themselves can save you from me. My comrades will not let you pass. Now you will pay the price for your defiance. And you, Valeria... much as it grieves me, you must be punished also.
VALERIA: Forgive me, Doctor. I have brought these woes upon us.
DOCTOR: *(GRIMLY)* Don't worry, Valeria. If I'm correct, we're about to benefit from a bigger distraction than even Murranus can anticipate.
A HUGE, OMINOUS RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

43. MOUNT VESUVIUS
THE VOLCANO ERUPTS, DESTROYING ITS OWN PEAK IN A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION.

44. A POMPEIAN STREET
A LIGHT RAIN OF HOT ASH AND PUMICE STONES BEGINS TO FALL. SHOCK TURNS TO PANIC; PEOPLE SCREAM AND WAIL AS THEY RUN FOR SHELTER. ANIMALS ARE PANICKING; IN THIS AND THE FOLLOWING SCENES, WE MIGHT HEAR HORSES, DONKEYS, BIRDS AND DOGS. THE LEGIONARY GRABS MEL AND BUNDLES HER UNDER THE COVER OF A PORTICO.

MEL: *(PANICKING)* What are you doing? Get off me! Get off!
LEGIONARY: I am escorting you to shelter.
MEL: To the shelter of a prison cell, you mean. Of all the luck, running into you again.
LEGIONARY: I know not what you mean. You seemed helpless and afraid. I thought only to do my duty as a legionary and protect you from the storm.
MEL: Oh. Oh, I see. Well, thank you for the thought, but it really wasn't –
LEGIONARY: *(SLOWLY REALISING)* However, your face is familiar to me. You... you are one of the girls who assaulted me at the gate. Can you have escaped gaol once again?
THE SHOWER INCREASES IN INTENSITY, AND HEAVY STONES BOUNCE OFF THE CANOPY ABOVE THEM.
MEL: Look, I know how this must seem – but it was Popidius Celsinus who let me out of gaol. You can ask him if you like. Only I can't stop to discuss it with you now. I've got to be somewhere else.
LEGIONARY: How can you travel, when hot rocks and ash fall from the sky?
MEL: But you don't understand. I'm almost there. *(HER INSISTENCE DRAINS AWAY AT THE SIGHT OF THE FALLING STONES)* I almost... *(SIGHS, DISPIRITED)* I almost found my way home.
LEGIONARY: *(MOURNFULLY)* The gods cleanse our city with fire. We can only hope that they have no want to take our lives as well.
MEL: You're right. And... and thank you. Thank you for saving me. I could have been scalded or... or suffocated out there.
LEGIONARY: With the blessing of Isis, this trial may soon be over. We can go about our business again. Until then, we can but wait.
MEL: *(IGNORING HIM; TO SELF, MISERABLY)* And even if I

had got to the TARDIS, I couldn't have got inside it without the Doctor. Now I can't even get out of the city. It's too late.

45. OUTSIDE THE AMPHITHEATRE

THERE AREN'T TOO MANY PEOPLE HERE, BUT WE CAN HEAR SCREAMS FROM NEARBY STREETS. THE DOCTOR AND VALERIA RUN TOWARDS US, AND TAKE SHELTER.

VALERIA: *(OUT OF BREATH)* Here, Doctor, here! We can take cover beneath the portico of the house of Julia Felix.
DOCTOR: *(SAME)* Yes, yes, an excellent idea, Valeria. *(STOPS; TRIES TO GET HIS BREATH BACK)* How's your foot now?
VALERIA: It feels much better.
DOCTOR: Good – because we can't stay here for long.
VALERIA: Murranus and the other gladiators have not followed us.
DOCTOR: It's not Murranus I'm worried about.
VALERIA: *(AFTER A SHORT PAUSE, AWED)* It is scarcely believable, Doctor. The ash, the fire... that great cloud covering the sky. You... you are all that has been claimed of you.
DOCTOR: *(STARTLED)* I'm sorry?
VALERIA: That the mirmillo's attack upon you should bring such divine wrath down upon our heads.
DOCTOR: This has nothing to do with me, Valeria, I promise you. This is an entirely natural phenomenon.
VALERIA: Natural? How can it be natural? It is the middle of the day, and yet a great darkness has descended. Fire falls from the sky. Vesuvius must be a gateway to the underworld itself.
DOCTOR: It's a volcano, Valeria. Just a volcano.
VALERIA: No, Doctor. We have lived beneath the mountain's slopes for generations. Pompeii was settled –
DOCTOR: Pompeii was built on an outcrop formed by lava from the volcano's last eruption, a thousand years ago. Vesuvius has been dormant for a long time, Valeria – but it's making up for it now.
VALERIA: You cannot stop it?
DOCTOR: I haven't come from Isis. The eruption has nothing to do with me. I just seem to be in the wrong place at the right time, as usual. Nature will run its course, as it always does. Nobody can stop it.
VALERIA: Then we are truly doomed.
DOCTOR: You mustn't think like that. Listen to me. I can explain what's happening; what will happen. I can give you – give both of us – a fighting chance to survive this.
VALERIA: I fear that may not be possible.
DOCTOR: You're wrong, Valeria. This downpour will continue for twelve hours. It will bury Pompeii in a layer of ash six feet deep. Many people will abandon their homes and flee. Many others will stay, taking shelter indoors. They're the ones who will die.
VALERIA: How can that be?
DOCTOR: They can survive the ash – but they won't survive what happens next: a pyroclastic flow, a virtual river of boiling hot rock, pouring down the mountainside at a speed of one hundred miles per hour. It will engulf the city, killing everyone it touches. We can't outrun it, Valeria. We can't hide from it. Thousands will die in Pompeii alone.

VALERIA: But if the ash is to fall until then, how can we flee? We will suffocate on the very air, if we are not scorched or beaten to death by stones.
DOCTOR: It won't be easy, but it's our only hope.
VALERIA: You say you are not a messenger of the gods, Doctor. How is it that you know so much of their intentions?
DOCTOR: I know the workings of Nature, Valeria, and of Time. I know that, twelve hours from now, this city will no longer exist.
VALERIA: Then this is Pompeii's fate: to be judged by the gods and found wanting; to be removed from the face of the earth.
DOCTOR: Pompeii will rise again, Valeria, one day. *(MOURNFULLY)* But that day will be many years from now, I'm afraid. None of you – none of us – will live to see it.

46. A POMPEIAN STREET
THE VOLCANO IS STILL BELCHING OUT ASH, BUT THERE ARE FAR FEWER STONES NOW. MEL MAKES TO BREAK COVER.

LEGIONARY: My lady, what are you doing?
MEL: I've made up my mind. I can't just stay here – no matter how hopeless it seems.
LEGIONARY: You must.
MEL: I suppose I'm under arrest, am I?
LEGIONARY: What does it matter now? You cannot survive out there.
MEL: I've got to try. Look, I'm grateful for your concern, really I am, but I've got to go. I know it's dangerous, but I'll just have to take that risk.
LEGIONARY: How will you see? The sky is black and the air thick with ash.
MEL: I can find my way... I think. *(TRYING TO CONVINCE HERSELF)* It's not too far now. Just around that corner and across one road. I can stay under shelter for most of the way. And there aren't as many stones falling now. I can put this stola up over my head and make a run for it.
LEGIONARY: This is madness.
MEL: You're probably right. *(TAKES A DEEP BREATH)* So, you'd better wish me luck, hadn't you?
SHE MAKES A RUN FOR IT.

47. A POMPEIAN STREET
THE DOCTOR AND VALERIA RUN THROUGH THE STREETS, BUT COME TO REST BENEATH ANOTHER PORTICO.

VALERIA: *(COUGHING)* It is no use, Doctor. I cannot keep going. This ash blinds me. It claws at my throat so I can hardly draw breath.
DOCTOR: *(OUT OF BREATH)* There won't be a better chance than this, Valeria. There aren't as many pumice stones now, but the volcano will keep belching out hot ash. Stay here for a few minutes. Rest. But then we must move on.
VALERIA: *(SAME)* You would do better without me to slow you down.
DOCTOR: There's no point in trying to be noble. I need you. I need

your knowledge of this city. You have to steer us towards a gate.
VALERIA: I must return home first.
DOCTOR: There isn't –
VALERIA: *(INSISTENTLY)* You say that Pompeii will be buried. What of my house? What of my possessions?
DOCTOR: They aren't important, Valeria. Not compared to your life.
VALERIA: *(THINKS, THEN DRAWS A DEEP BREATH)* Very well. I trust you, Doctor. I will do what you think is best.
DOCTOR: *(RELIEVED)* So, where to now?
VALERIA: This way. We will go down to the shore.
DOCTOR: No. The tide will be against us.
VALERIA: But if a boat cannot carry us away from this, what can? No horse could be calmed enough to brave this storm.
DOCTOR: We'll have to remain on foot, I'm afraid.
VALERIA: But... do you not have a boat yourself? A... a ship. You spoke of it at my bar. It seemed important to you.
DOCTOR: It is. More important than you can know. But I don't know how to find it. I've run out of time. So, I only have one option. I promised a friend I wouldn't die here. I'm going to try to keep that promise. *(TO SELF, SADLY)* I only hope she got far enough away from Pompeii to return the favour.

48. THE HOUSE OF EUMACHIA
WE CAN STILL HEAR THE ROAR OF THE VOLCANO AS ASH RAINS DOWN OUTSIDE. INSIDE, MEL CONFRONTS EUMACHIA.

EUMACHIA: *(ANGRILY)* How dare you burst unannounced into my house! Why are you not still in gaol?
MEL: Well, perhaps not everyone is taken in by your lies.
EUMACHIA: I know not what you speak of, girl.
MEL: I've come to get our property back.
EUMACHIA: I have nothing of yours. Rather, it is vice versa.
MEL: You're not fooling anyone, Eumachia. It's just you and me now, and you know precisely what I mean. The blue box. The Doctor's 'temple', as you keep calling it. You moved it, didn't you? What have you done with it?
EUMACHIA: Oh, but you have some nerve, to come here and hurl your accusations at me. Do you not care that your sins and your blasphemous lies have brought this rain of fire upon our city?
MEL: You're unbelievable! You're trying to blame the Doctor and me for all this?
EUMACHIA: You are to blame. You and all the heathens who have turned their backs upon the true religion for the sake of the foreign interloper. *(SHRILLY)* This is what your Isis brings to Pompeii. Damnation and death!
MEL PUSHES PAST HER.
What are you doing, girl?
MEL: I've had enough of this. I'm searching your house.
EUMACHIA: You have no right! I will call my slaves. I will have you thrown from my premises. Stay out of –
A PUMICE STONE PENETRATES THE ROOF AND HITS THE GROUND

NEXT TO HER.

(A SHRIEK OF TERROR; THEN, STRIDENTLY) Do you see? Do you see now? The gods observe the evil that you do in this house; they send the boiling stones even through my own roof to punish you.

MEL: I think you'll find that stone fell a lot closer to you, actually.

EUMACHIA: My gods will protect me, girl. You cannot say the same.

MEL: Just show me where the TARDIS is, Eumachia, and I'll get out of your way – before the 'gods' do any more damage to your roof.

EUMACHIA: You will not find it here.

MEL: But you did take it, didn't you?

EUMACHIA: I took your temple, aye. But I was not so foolish as to bring that blasphemous object into my house.

MEL: So, where did you hide it?

EUMACHIA: I will not tell you.

MEL: Your wool market! No, that would be too public. It must be somewhere else. Somewhere like... *(REALISES)* somewhere like the necropolis, outside the city walls. Your family's tomb! *(SEEING EUMACHIA'S REACTION)* I'm right, aren't I? You hid the TARDIS in your family's tomb.

EUMACHIA: Believe that if you wish, girl. But the gods will strike you dead before you can cross even half of Pompeii.

MEL: We'll just have to see about that, won't we?

49. A POMPEIAN STREET

THE STREET IS PACKED WITH PEOPLE TRYING TO ESCAPE. THE DOCTOR AND VALERIA ARE AMONG THEM. THEY HAVE TO SHOUT OVER THE CROWD AND THE ROAR OF THE VOLCANO – AND THEY HAVE SOME DIFFICULTY BREATHING.

DOCTOR: Come on, Valeria, keep going. How far to the gate now?

VALERIA: We are almost upon it. But we must still cross the fields beyond, and there will be no buildings there; no shelter if we falter. And my foot is slowing me... both of us down!

DOCTOR: One problem at a time. Concentrate on reaching the gate. You're doing well, Valeria.

THEY RUN INTO CELSINUS AND AGLAE.

CELSINUS: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Mr Celsinus. I'm glad you had the sense to leave.

VALERIA: Decurione.

AGLAE: Doctor! It is good to see you again. I feared you dead.

DOCTOR: *(WORRIED)* Aglae... what are you doing here?

AGLAE: We tried to do as you instructed, Doctor, but we couldn't get out of the city. We were captured and brought back here.

CELSINUS: The girl is with me. I swore to your friend Melanie that I will see her come to no harm.

DOCTOR: Where is Mel? What's happened to her?

CELSINUS: She went in search of Eumachia.

DOCTOR: I've got to find her.

VALERIA: Wait, Doctor. You cannot go back.
DOCTOR: I must, Valeria. I have to find Mel.
VALERIA: You ignore your own advice. If your friend is sensible, then she will have fled Pompeii by one of the other gates.
DOCTOR: Unless she thinks she can find me. Or the TARDIS.
CELSINUS: *(APOLOGETICALLY)* I did not wish to leave her, Doctor, but she is very –
DOCTOR: I know, Celsinus. It's all right.
CELSINUS: I will come with you.
DOCTOR: There's no need, really.
CELSINUS: But perhaps it is for the best. Our city is being destroyed. Perhaps it is the gods' will that we should die with it.
DOCTOR: No, Celsinus. And that goes for all of you. This isn't the end. I know it doesn't seem like it, but life will go on. Even Pompeii will be rebuilt, on a different site. I want you all to promise me that you'll be here to see it.
VALERIA: But Doctor –
AGLAE: The Doctor is wise, mistress. We ought to do as he says.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Aglae. Keep running. Don't turn back.
VALERIA: Good luck, Doctor.
CELSINUS: May Isis bring you the best of fortune.
THE DOCTOR IS ALREADY STARTING TO HURRY AWAY.
DOCTOR: Goodbye, all of you. And good luck to you too.

50. THE HOUSE OF EUMACHIA
AS MEL HURRIES THROUGH THE ENTRANCE HALL, SHE IS INTERCEPTED BY EUMACHIA'S SLAVE (FROM SCENE 2).

SLAVE: *(FURTIVELY)* My lady! My lady!
MEL: What? Oh, it's you. You're Eumachia's servant, aren't you? You saw us arriving yesterday.
SLAVE: I saw your temple, yes, my lady – and I know where it is now.
MEL: You do? Where is it? Is it in Eumachia's tomb?
SLAVE: That is where the mistress had us take it, my lady, concealed in a wagon – but then she changed her orders. She feared that, were someone to look inside the tomb and find the temple, her guilt would be clear.
MEL: So, what did you do with it?
SLAVE: We took the temple to the tomb of another family.
MEL: Which one? Please tell me.
SLAVE: I know not, my lady, for I am but a poor slave. I cannot read the –
MEL: *(URGENTLY)* Can you show me?
SLAVE: I must not. Eumachia has commanded all her servants to remain with her.
MEL: She's keeping you all here? She can't!
SLAVE: I must go, my lady. Eumachia would flog me if she knew I was even speaking to you.
MEL: The gods won't protect her, you know. She'll die, and she'll take everyone who stays in this building with her.
THE SLAVE IS ALREADY BACKING AWAY NERVOUSLY.

SLAVE: *(AFRAID)* I must go, my lady.
MEL: *(INSISTENTLY)* Why don't you stand up to her? Just walk out. You don't want to die for her sake, do you?
SLAVE: The tomb you seek is near the Nucerian gate, my lady. Now, I must return to my mistress. *(BEAT; THEN, HESITANTLY)* I hope you may speak well of me to Isis.
HE FLEES BACK INTO THE HOUSE PROPER.
MEL: *(TO SELF, DESPONDENTLY)* Oh, I wish I could. I wish I could help you. I wish there was time to help everyone.
SHE LINGERS FOR A SECOND LONGER, THEN TURNS AND RUNS OUT OF THE HOUSE.

51. THE GLADIATORIAL BARRACKS
WE CAN STILL HEAR THE VOLCANO OUTSIDE. MURRANUS ADDRESSES A CROWD OF GLADIATORS (SIXTY-TWO, TO BE PRECISE).

MURRANUS: Hear me, my fellow gladiators. Many of you have had your say as to what should be done; now I, Murranus, shall have mine. There is no doubt that the gods have turned against Pompeii. They send fire from the sky to cleanse the sin from our city. But I tell you, this is no more than a test!
SOME GLADIATORS REACT WITH SUPPORTIVE CHEERS; SOME AREN'T SO SURE, AND THERE MURMURS OF DISCONTENT.
The gods would know who is worthy to serve them;who has faith enough to stand strong. Well, I tell you this: we, of all Pompeians, have nought to fear. Have we not served our gods well? Have we not entertained them and honoured them with displays of skill and courage?
GENERAL PROUD AGREEMENT.
Some of you speak of abandoning our great city; of joining the craven masses who flee like frightened cattle. Well, I tell you this: your cowardice will bring disgrace upon our proud profession!
THERE ARE MORE CHEERS THAN JEERS AT THIS.
Some of us have braved the ashes already to return here to the barracks. We have proven that there is nought to fear for the bold of heart and strong of limb. Here, then, we should stay – and, when this catastrophe is spent and the citizens return, ashamed, to their homes, they will say at least that their gladiators had faith and courage enough to weather the storm. They will honour us and respect us as is our due.
A MORE STRIDENT ROAR OF AGREEMENT.
If anyone here disputes that – if anyone would still turn tail and flee – then let him speak now. *(IN A LOWER, THREATENING GROWL)* Let him argue his case with me.
NOBODY SPEAKS UP.

52. THE CITY GATE
CELSINUS AND AGLAE, STILL PART OF A LARGE AND FRIGHTENED CROWD, REACH THE GATE.

AGLAE: Decurione! Decurione, where is Valeria Hedone? We have lost her. We have lost her!

CELSINUS: I cannot see her, Aglae – but, with the ash and the crowd, she could be mere inches away. You must not trouble yourself. Valeria will do as the Doctor has said: she will leave Pompeii to its fate. We must do the same.
AGLAE: But what if she has turned back? What if she has chosen to find the Doctor and Mel?
CELSINUS: We cannot concern ourselves with her, child. Here: we have attained the gate at last. We may survive this ordeal yet.
AGLAE: But there is still far to go, decurione, and the ash fills my mouth and pulls at my feet. I do not think I can go on.
CELSINUS: I will not leave you behind.
AGLAE: I will only slow you down. Why would a man such as you risk your life for one such as I?
CELSINUS: I made a promise, Aglae. I swore to Melanie that I would see us both safe. And I will keep that promise... whatever it takes.
THEY STRUGGLE ONWARDS.

53. THE HOUSE OF EUMACHIA
EUMACHIA RUNS FRANTICALLY THROUGH HER HOUSE AS STONES CRASH THROUGH THE ROOF.

EUMACHIA: My slaves! My slaves, attend me! The stones burst through my very roof. Look! Look at the damage they have wrought to my statue. You! Yes, you! I ordered you to carry this down to the cellar, where it would be safe. Now see what your indolence has caused. Take it. Take it now and you, you must rescue my precious paintings. If more harm is done, then I will take it out of your hides!
SLAVES SCURRY AROUND HER FEET, LIFTING PRECIOUS ITEMS AND CARRYING THEM AWAY.
SLAVE: *(NERVOUSLY)* Should you not take shelter yourself, mistress?
EUMACHIA: I need no protection.
SLAVE: But mistress...
EUMACHIA: Our city has been found wanting. Pompeii welcomed in the foreign goddess and we have been damned for it. But I have remained faithful. I worship the true gods. Jupiter, Juno and Minerva will not abandon Eumachia to die with the heathens. I will be spared as all around me becomes dust!
ANOTHER STONE CRASHES THROUGH THE ROOF. WE CAN HEAR THE VOLCANO VERY CLEARLY NOW.

54. OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE OF ISIS
THERE AREN'T MANY PEOPLE LEFT THIS DEEP INTO THE CITY. MEL STUMBLES BLINDLY THROUGH THE STREETS.

MEL: *(CHOKING AND SPLUTTERING ON ASH)* Help! Help! Can somebody help me? You, over there! No, please come back. Help me! It's too dark. I can't find my way. Somebody, help me! *(SURRENDERS TO A COUGHING FIT)*
THE DOCTOR APPROACHES AT A RUN.
DOCTOR: Mel! Mel, is that you?
MEL: *(SPLUTTERS)* Doctor?

HE REACHES HER.

(RECOVERING; ENORMOUSLY RELIEVED) Oh, Doctor! It's so good to see you.

DOCTOR: You too, Mel. You too.

MEL: We couldn't get away. We reached the gate, but the guard –

DOCTOR: I know, Mel.

MEL: Doctor... I know where the TARDIS is.

DOCTOR: You do?

MEL: It's in a tomb, outside the Nucerian gate... wherever that is.

DOCTOR: I think it's over in this direction. No, wait a minute... if this is the Temple of Isis... and the Forum is over that way...

MEL: *(BECOMING DISPIRITED AGAIN)* It's no use, is it Doctor? We'll never find our way through all this – and even if we did, we'd have to search all the tombs to find the right one. It's too dark, I can hardly breathe and the ash is already knee deep. You were right, Doctor. History's working against us. This is the end, isn't it?

DOCTOR: It's the end for Pompeii, Mel. *(BECOMING DISTANT, REFLECTIVE)* Inside that temple now, the priests of Isis are sitting down to their last meal: one final tribute to a goddess who won't save them. That's how they'll be found, many years from now, their corpses petrified, preserved by the ash, their food still laid out on the table.

MEL: And us? Will they find our bodies too, Doctor?

DOCTOR: *(SNAPPING OUT OF IT)* There's always a chance, Mel. You told me that, remember?

HE HURRIES OVER TO THE WALL OF THE TEMPLE COURTYARD.

MEL: What are you doing?

DOCTOR: *(HIS VOICE STRAINED AS HE REACHES UP)* Just borrowing this hanging-lamp from the temple wall. I don't think they'll be needing it any more, do you?

HE RUMMAGES IN HIS POCKETS, FINDS A MATCH, LIGHTS IT AND LIGHTS THE LAMP FROM IT.

There. At least now we can see a little better.

MEL: Until the ash puts out the flame.

DOCTOR: If that happens, we'll just re-light it. I was wrong, Mel. You were right. You had hope. Sometimes, that's the most important thing of all.

MEL: So, what do we do now?

DOCTOR: Whatever it takes, Mel. Whatever we can, to find the TARDIS and escape from Pompeii.

MEL: And the Laws of Time?

DOCTOR: We'll worry about them later. *(SPIRITEDLY)* Come along Mel, we've no time to lose.

MEL: *(GLADLY)* I'm right behind you, Doctor.

THEY RUN INTO THE DISTANCE TOGETHER. THE SCREAMS OF THE POMPEIANS FADE AND, FOR A WHILE, WE HEAR JUST THE SOUNDS OF THE CONTINUING ERUPTION UNTIL THEY FINALLY FADE INTO...

55. THE RUINS OF POMPEII, 1980

AS SCENE 1. THE DOCTOR AND MEL STROLL TOWARDS US.

MEL: It's hard to believe it was all so long ago, isn't it?
DOCTOR: Two thousand years do seem to have gone by in a flash.
MEL: You know what I mean, Doctor. You saw the Street of Plenty back there – and Valeria's inn, still standing. Well, more or less.
DOCTOR: Pompeii was buried, Mel; protected from the elements for centuries. People forgot about it – forgot its name, even. It was only in the middle of your eighteenth century that excavation work began. Pompeii is still being rediscovered – unearthed and restored – one piece at a time. It is a moment of history preserved like no other.
MEL: They can bring back the buildings – but they can't bring back the people, can they?
DOCTOR: No. They can't.
MEL: There was nothing we could have done for them, was there?
DOCTOR: We were too late, Mel. It had already happened.
MEL: *(SIGHS)* Yes, I know. I suppose we should just be grateful that it didn't happen to us too. For a while there, I thought we were never going to find our way back to the TARDIS. *(BEAT)* Do you think they survived, Doctor? I mean, Aglae and Celsinus and Valeria.
DOCTOR: I don't know, Mel. Many people died. Thousands of bodies were found within the city walls, preserved in cavities in the ash. They told the historians of your time far more about their Roman ancestors than they could ever have hoped to learn otherwise.
MEL: But those were the ones who stayed, weren't they? Thousands more must have evacuated. What happened to them?
DOCTOR: They were fighting their way through a heavy shower of volcanic ash, Mel. Some would have been lucky. Others would have died. From this point in time, there's no way of knowing the fate of any one of them. *(GENTLY)* I prefer to believe the best until I see proof to the contrary.
THEY WALK ON IN CONTEMPLATIVE SILENCE FOR A FEW SECONDS.
MEL: *(TAKES A DEEP BREATH; TRIES TO BE CHEERFUL)* I must say, it is nice to get out in the open air again, after – how long was it; three days almost? – cooped up inside the TARDIS.
DOCTOR: Yes, I meant to explain that to you.
MEL: There's no need, Doctor. I understand perfectly. We had to wait for the ash to well and truly harden around us before we could dematerialise, leaving a police box-shaped hole –
DOCTOR: – into which I could then guide the TARDIS one thousand, nine hundred and one years later –
MEL: – in time for it to be uncovered by the earthquake of 1980. This year.
DOCTOR: After that, it was simply a matter of waiting for the archaeologists to move away from their 'impossible' discovery –
MEL: – and then we could come outside. So, UNIT will be called in after all. They'll take the TARDIS away –
DOCTOR: – they'll tell my former self about it –
MEL: – and then, when all the fuss has died down –
DOCTOR: We'll simply stroll into UNIT's Italian headquarters and take my ship back without fear of creating a paradox.
MEL: It's still cheating though, isn't it? I mean, we've still used our foreknowledge to change things.

DOCTOR: But we haven't altered the events that created our foreknowledge. That's the important difference.
MEL: If you say so.
DOCTOR: As I said, it's only cheating if you get caught.
MEL: *(GROANS WITH MOCK DISAPPROVAL)* Oh, Doctor!
DOCTOR: *(CHEERFULLY)* Come on, Mel. Let's explore.
MEL STOPS HIM.
MEL: *(IN A HUSHED VOICE)* Ssh! Doctor, I think there's someone coming.
THEY TAKE COVER AS TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS APPROACH ACROSS RUBBLE. PROFESSOR SCALINI AND CAPTAIN MORAN ARE IN CONVERSATION, PRECISELY AS IN SCENE 1.
SCALINI: ...walls and columns came tumbling down. Tumbling down, I tell you! Some buildings lost whole storeys. Our people are working to prop up what's left of Pompeii, but the damage, the damage!
MORAN: *(BORED)* I can see it must be frustrating for you, Professor.
SCALINI: Frustrating? It's disastrous! An archaeological disaster!

THEME